

The Leader.

A POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW.

"The one idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and, by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

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Review of the Week.

That some explanation has been given on questions in India which had excited the most intense interest in this country. At the City dinner in honour of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord GRANVILLE, speaking for Ministers, gave a formal contradiction to the reports that there have been disputes between Sir COLIN CAMPBELL and Lord CANNING. He also endeavoured to counteract the conclusion that Lord CANNING, as Governor-General of India, has interfered with the military authorities in shielding the Hindoos. Lord GRANVILLE insisted that the Governor-General of India has done the reverse of these things. Short as the intercourse between Sir COLIN and Lord CANNING had been, the Governor-General had already found out the great qualities of the Highlander, as a man and as a soldier; and he had done all in his power to strengthen the hands of the Indian Commander-in-Chief. The idea that Lord CANNING had shielded the Sepoys originated in the circular which had been issued by the Governor-General in Council to the civil authorities, directing them to carry deserters before military authorities, and pointing out some rules for discriminating between different shades of guilt. In order to prove that this circular had not either the spirit or the effect imputed to it, Lord GRANVILLE quoted the authority of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE, who exclaimed, when he read it, that it was the very thing wanted. With regard to the appointment of Mr. JOHN PETER GRANT to a civil post in the North-West Provinces, and his exercise of power to release one hundred and fifty of the Cawnpore murderers captured by General NEILL, Lord GRANVILLE expressed doubts of the whole story; but he maintained that, if Mr. GRANT had been guilty of any such conduct, it was not in accordance with the firmness of his character or with the instructions of the Governor-General. On the contrary, the Governor-General had expressly vetoed the proclamation of Mr. COLVIN, the late Governor of the North-West Provinces, which had promised pardon to any of the mutineers who should submit. The proposal was one on the merits of which there may be some question, but the decisive conduct of Lord CANNING ought to have been a sufficient reply to those who suspected him of shielding the mutineers. Such is Lord GRANVILLE's statement. It is corroborated by the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, who speaks on the authority of Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, in denying that there had

been the alleged difference between himself and the Governor-General. The contradiction must be accepted as made on sufficient authority, and we receive it with reference to the present. It is not perfectly consistent with some accounts—not incredible—previously received. No one suspected Lord CANNING of really intending to shield the mutineers: the suspicion was directed at his love of meddling—of dictating to those who allowed him to think that they were acting for themselves, while those who allowed him to think that he was dictating could easily manage him. Whatever may be the facts of the case, it is evident that public opinion in this country has at last exercised a salutary influence over the Governor-General, and over the Ministers that appointed him.

We have little other Indian news except new manifestations of good feeling abroad. At the same dinner the American Minister spoke in clear and eloquent language on the subject. With regard to the mutiny, it was, he said, a subject entirely for internal treatment; but there are some crimes which are perpetrated less against any Government, than against human nature; of that kind were the monstrous and atrocious actions of the murderous Sepoys; "and," said Mr. DALLAS, "no language can be too strong, no language too impressive, no force too sudden, no blows too severe for such crimes as those which have been perpetrated in India."

The very welcome paid to the Duke of Cambridge himself in the presentation of a magnificent sword and the entertainment of a feast by the City of London proves the earnestness of the public feeling on these subjects. Homage was done to the Duke for his service in the Crimea; for his honesty as a military administrator; and for his zeal in endeavouring to strengthen our forces in India.

Abroad, the thing of which we feel the growing want is a strong Liberal Government. The use of the word nationality has become an offence, and the will of the people an obsolete power. At present we see Denmark steadily advancing towards the absorption of the Holstein Duchies; and Moldo-Wallachia, in spite of the unanimous demand of its people for emancipation, will be secured to its irritated master. Peace, peace at any price; that is the meaning of the meetings at Osborne, at Stuttgart, and at Weimar. Both Spain and Belgium are in the throes of ministerial crises; but neither event excites any considerable interest out of the countries to which they belong.

Returning to home politics, we note that India, the theme of nearly all the public speakers at meetings, is, for the present, exhausted, so that we are not surprised to find little interest in the speeches reported during the week. At the annual dinner of the Amersham and Chesham Agricultural Association, Mr. DISRAELI took a very different theme, that of agricultural progress. He was very pointed and severe upon critics who object to the insignificant sums given as rewards to praiseworthy labourers, and insisted that it was not intended to 'measure the excellence of the individual by the mere money value of the prize, but to single him out from the crowd and show that his services are appreciated by the community in which he lives.' But if so, why give money prizes at all? At all events, why give a sovereign in one case, thirty shillings in another, and two pounds in another? In these cases, what is it marks the honorary distinction of the recipients if it is not money-value? But too much has been made of this matter. A subject of more importance is the early closing of daily business, advocated by Lord BROUGHAM at Leeds, as a great and necessary aid to popular education, the stepping-stone to popular advancement.

Lord DUNGANNON, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Orange Society in Antrim, writes under the letter of the Irish Lord Chancellor like a worm under a sprinkling of salt. His indignation boils over in several columns of a newspaper report of his speech to a meeting of the Lodge over which he presides. That it should be imagined that 'men like himself, who were placed by Providence in stations in which they might act as examples to those under them in another sphere of life,' could 'prove traitors to those principles which they had always professed and strenuously maintained!' They have but one of three courses: to petition both Houses of Parliament; to appeal to the Prime Minister; or to lay their representations at the foot of the throne! There is one other course open—but, of course, the Grand Masters of the Grand Lodges of the Orange Society won't take it: it is simply to 'be quiet.'

The newspapers are still foul with reports of murders. At Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, the body of a policeman is found in a pond, the head nearly severed from the body. At Much Woolton, near Liverpool, a man in a fit of delirium tremens murders his mother-in-law, by strangling her and battering her head against the wall or floor. At Colne Engaine, in Essex, a farmer is robbed and murdered on the highway. On the shore, near Brighton, a

box is discovered containing the emaciated remains of a boy, marks on the skull directly suggesting that death had been caused by violence. In Ireland, the 'Tipperary boys' are awake in the old bloody spirit, and talking darkly of the coming 'long nights of winter.' They scarcely deign to conceal their sympathy with the murderers of Mr. ELLIS, but are taking some pains to induce a belief that he has been killed, not for anything which he had done in the exercise of his agrarian rights, but as retribution for a domestic treason. If any man objects to be murdered in this way, statistics blandly assure him that his death falls into 'only' so much per cent. on the population—'such is the security of life in a country which,' &c.

The event of the week has been the unsuccessful attempt to launch the Leviathan. Vexatious as the failure has been, it has established one very important point, namely, the general sufficiency of the mechanical arrangements for getting the marvellous vessel afloat. Only one thing was wanting to ensure success—intelligence on the part of the subordinates chosen to apply the machinery. The remedy for that defect will easily be found on the occasion of the next effort to launch the vessel. And, meanwhile, if we have been somewhat mortified by the failure at Millwall, we have the gratification of an important success at Cagliari, whence we learn that the line of submarine telegraph has been completed between the island of Sardinia and the coast of Africa.

Lady HARRINGTON will have it that the Derby jury have charged her a great deal too much for the expressions which she used towards 'that man HIGHMORE.' To be made to pay 750*l.* for merely saying that a certain parson was a low vulgar fellow, a bad character, so wicked that she wouldn't take the Sacrament at his hands; that he pocketed the money given for the repairs of the church; that he was always telling lies and never speaking the truth; always playing cards and gambling; and he and his wife constantly drunk and rolling about on the floor!—for nothing more than those few sentences!—spoken by a countess, too! The jury were a pack of mean-spirited ninnies, and their verdict was a ridiculous interference with the rights of countesses. Therefore, application was made on Tuesday, at the Court of Common Pleas, for a rule to set aside the preposterous finding of the jury. This was the answer of the Lord Chief Justice, who sat with Justices WILLIAMS, CROWDER, and WILLES: "We are all of opinion that there should be no rule in this case. In a conflict of evidence between Mr. JONES and Lady HARRINGTON submitted to a special jury, it was very unlikely that all the twelve would have been of hostile politics. The matter having been submitted to the jury, and they having found Mr. JONES's statement worthy of belief, and taken that as the basis on which they found their verdict, I, for one, have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that the damages are not at all excessive, considering the destructive character of the slander against Mr. HIGHMORE as a gentleman and a clergyman." The opinion of the Lord Chief Justice calls for no comment. We are proud to acknowledge that the spirit of the English bench is seldom betrayed by its judges.

Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD's decision in the case of SADGROVE and RAGG is severe, but not at all in excess of justice: he has refused to grant RAGG a certificate, and has suspended that of SADGROVE for two years. But we know that these bankrupts have only employed such means of raising capital as are largely employed in trade, successfully, and therefore undiscovered. The perniciousness of such a mode of doing business is obvious, but it will require very many decisions like the present to effect a cure, or even a partial cure, of the evil. The case of EVANS and THORNE, convicted of a libel on the Deputy Chairman of the Submarine Telegraph Company, is not yet done with. A public meeting, after hearing some explanations given, which, it appears, were not available as evidence on the trial, has come to a decision adverse to that of the jury; the result being that a memorial is to be forwarded to the Home Secretary, praying for a mitigation of the sentence.

The plot thickens in the commercial world. The latest intelligence from America is dark and gloomy, although we can see sunshine through the clouds. Failures continue, and must continue, since the 90,000,000 dollars of ascertained bankruptcy cannot be brought to a wind-up without involving

many persons whose own proceedings have been sound. The pressure, of course, has operated in this country. We have had our failures here; they are announced every day to a considerable amount. At the same time remittances are made to America on joint-stock property in that country; some amounts have also been sent against shipments to this country in the absence of remittances to the other side, and money has likewise been remitted to America for purposes of investment speculatively in the present anomalous state of the market. At the same time, the flux of gold from this country to the Continent has not been abated. It is maintained to keep up the appearances of the Bank of France; the Minister of that country having issued a formal report, in which, amongst other efforts to show the brilliant state of French finance, he cites a large balance of imports of precious metals over exports within the last ten years, and even of 62,000,000 fr. within the nine months of 1857. This is asserted in a report on the Budget of 1859, which boasts a balance, without alteration of taxes, of 48,000,000*fr.*, whereof, in order to make a theatrical effect, M. MAGNE would devote 40,000,000*fr.* to a reduction of the National Debt. In alluding tenderly to the difficulties of the country, he ascribes them to the difficulties in other countries. We know what perfect delusion all this is. It is true that the trade of France has increased, true that the product of her taxes has grown larger; but the expenditure keeps pace with the product of taxes, and the spurious speculative commerce has increased more largely than the genuine. These are the reasons why from East and West there is a continued drain upon this country. England is playing the foster-mother to the commerce of the East and West; she is a foster-mother who has twins, and they have enormous appetites. Here we have the reasons why the Bank of England has this week been compelled to raise its discount to the unparalleled rate of 9 per cent. It has been followed with the usual difference by the Bank of France, which has raised its own rate to 5½ per cent. Really the monetary position of this country has not changed, and on that score there is not the slightest cause for apprehension, so long as panic-mongers are unable to do what they want, which is, to force the Ministers into breaking down the principles upon which the Bank has been so successfully carried through all the vicissitudes of the last thirteen years.

STATE OF TRADE.

A MEETING was held on Monday afternoon of creditors of Mr. A. Hill, shipping agent and commission merchant, whose suspension followed upon the announcement of the failure of Messrs. Ross, Mitchell, and Co., with which firm he had had accommodation transactions. A statement of affairs, prepared by Mr. Chatteris, the accountant, was submitted, from which it appeared that the total liabilities expected to be proved against the estate are 61,268*l.*, of which 50,477*l.* is on account of accommodation bills. The assets are estimated at 17,430*l.* A proposal was made on the part of the insolvent that a composition be accepted of 5*s.* 8*d.* in the pound, payable in three instalments, extending over a year, to be succeeded by a further dividend of 2*s.* 4*d.* to the trade creditors only, secured by an assignment of claims of the estate upon the drawers of the irregular paper. After a short discussion, a resolution was passed accepting the terms, subject to confirmation by all the creditors within one month.

The general business of the port of London during the past week was to an average extent.

The report of the committee of shareholders of the Royal Surrey Gardens Company, appointed on the 5th ult., states that they have examined the counterpart of the lease which was granted to Mr. Tyler, and sold by him to the company for 14,000*l.*, and find that there was at the time of such sale a term of only twelve years from Michaelmas, 1856, unexpired; that the premises were subject to a yearly rent of 346*l.*, and a septennial fine of one year and a half of the annual value of the premises; that there is no covenant for renewal in the said lease, and there is a covenant on the part of the lessee to deliver up at the end of the lease all buildings which can by law be claimed by the freeholder. The committee are of opinion that under these circumstances the lease of the gardens at the time of the purchase by the company was not worth above 1000*l.* It appears that the general body of the shareholders were entirely ignorant that there were any mortgages on the property, or that the company was involved in debt, until they were informed of it by the affidavit of their own secretary, filed in support of the petition to the Court of Bankruptcy. The committee have come to the conclusion that the premises might be made a place of healthful and rational recreation, as well as a source of considerable profit to the shareholders, but it can only be done under a system diametrically opposite to that which has

heretofore been adopted. They are of opinion that the plan of continually giving very scientific music is a great mistake. The committee recommend, as a general rule, a more varied class of music, and of a more national character, such as the best English, Scotch, and Irish compositions. The committee recommend that proper steps should be taken to have a full investigation of the mortgages and all claims on the company, in order to ascertain what the encumbrances really are, and whether such arrangements could be made as would enable the company to carry on the gardens with a prospect of paying the creditors, and giving some return to the shareholders.

The suspension was announced on Thursday morning of the old and important house of Naylor, Vickers, and Co., steel-manufacturers and iron-merchants, at Sheffield. The amount of their liabilities has not been stated on authority, but they are rumoured to range between 600,000*l.* and 700,000*l.*

At a meeting of the depositors and others, creditors of the Liverpool Borough Bank, held at the bank on Monday, the following offer was made on the part of the bank:—"That the claims of all depositors and other creditors for amounts exceeding 200*l.* should be satisfied by the promissory notes of the bank, payable at five, twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four months' date, bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum." This offer was accepted.

AMERICA.

THE panic appears to be over; but some new suspensions are announced—among them that of the Great Trunk Railway Company. At Augusta, Georgia, all the banks have suspended. In other cities, however, several houses have resumed payment; some of the banks are again issuing specie. At a meeting of bankers at Cincinnati, it was resolved to receive at par the notes of the New Orleans banks, and the notes of all banks also that are bankable in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Baltimore. At New Orleans, the bank presidents have agreed to take certified cheques on the Citizens' Bank in payment of debts; the Citizens' redeems its circulation with specie, but not cheques of depositors. The State banking institutions of St. Louis have opened a depository for the adjoining state; for the currency of the New England States and the State of New York; and for the notes of the Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Baltimore banks. A large number of the principal merchants advertise that they will receive all currency at par. There have been no sales of cotton for several days, and quotations were entirely nominal at the last dates.

Walker and his filibusters are again giving trouble. A writer from Washington states:—"Information has been received here from the South that Walker's expeditions—one to leave New Orleans and the other Galveston—have been delayed, in consequence of financial pressure, until the 1st of November. They do not expect to meet with serious, if any, opposition from the Federal officers. They propose to land at some point in Costa Rica, on the Atlantic coast, and then march on San José, the capital of that republic, which they expect to reach in two days. Their calculation is first when they capture it the whole country will be in their possession. The aggregate of the Filibuster force is from 1800 to 2000 men." Official orders have been received at the naval yard to fit out a fast steamer, to be despatched to arrest the expeditions.

A freshet in the Susquehanna river has carried off a dam, and the navigation of the North Branch Canal is stopped. A great fire, attended with some loss of life, had occurred at Chicago. The damage was estimated at 600,000 dollars. The steamer Tropic has struck against a 'snag' in the Missouri river, and twelve or fifteen people were drowned.

Indiana has chosen Mr. Chase (Republican) as their representative in Congress. It is stated that New Grenada is disappointed in the convention lately agreed upon between the United States and that country; and that the President of the latter has been authorized to sell the Isthmus.

"Hundreds of persons," says the Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*, "are daily applying to Lord Napier for employment in the British army in India. He requested me to say that his Government has resolved to employ no foreign troops in that war."

The latest accounts from the Salt Lake state that the Mormons refuse to allow the United States troops to enter the city, and that Brigham Young publicly declares that he will set fire to the prairies, thus depriving the animals of the expedition of subsistence, and will burn his own city, if necessary, before he will submit to the demands of the United States Government. The forts along the route are represented as being in bad repair, and as not affording sufficient protection for the troops.

A new overland route to California has been discovered, which will save many miles of travel.

The Arctic has arrived at New York, having passed three months on surveys in connexion with the Ocean Telegraph.

The Liverpool packet ship Jacob A. Westervelt took fire on the 23rd ult., in her cabin, and was damaged to the amount of about 2000 dollars.

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

Another batch of fugitives from India arrived at Southampton on Tuesday in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship Colombo, Captain J. S. Field. From Gibraltar, subscriptions to the Indian Fund are brought, to the amount of 704*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, collected in the garrison. This amount has been forwarded to the Lord Mayor of London. Several of the passengers from India have had very narrow escapes from the mutineers; and some are the immediate relatives of those who have fallen in the unequal struggle. Among the more extraordinary cases, the following are mentioned in the daily papers:—

"Miss Graham, whose father, it will be remembered, was shot by her side as they were making their escape, when, by climbing over the side of the vehicle, the young lady miraculously succeeded in saving her life; they had been residents at Sealcode in the Punjab. Mrs. Baker, who was burnt out at Cawnpore, and narrowly escaped with her life. Mrs. Bunbury and Mrs. Norris, who were secreted and hunted about the jungle for a month, and finally freed themselves from the dangers to which they had been so long exposed. Mrs. Warden, the widow of Major Warden, who died at sea, on board the steamer that was conveying them from Calcutta to Socra. Mrs. Owen, the wife of Sergeant Owen, of the 52nd Queen's Regiment, and late Superintendent of Roads between Peshawar and Lahore; in the month of May they were compelled to fly for their lives, their youngest child being at the time only fourteen days old. The sergeant, who is come home also, is suffering from mental affliction, caused by a sunstroke, as we are informed. Miss Clara Dunbar, aged ten years, daughter of Captain Dunbar of the 10th Queen's, who was killed by the mutineers at Arrah on the 29th of July. Miss Xine Bailey, aged six years, the daughter of Captain Bailey, of the 7th Bengal Native Infantry, which regiment mutinied at Dinapore, and her mother has since died. The two last-named young ladies have come home in the care of attendants. The cases of Mrs. Bunbury and Mrs. Norris, we understand, excited great sympathy in Calcutta, and Lord Canning tendered them every possible assistance in his power.

"A meeting of ladies on board the Colombo was held in the saloon on the 23rd ult. at sea, near Malta. Mrs. Baker, the wife of Major Baker, of the Bengal Cavalry, in the chair. They were addressed by Captain Field, the commander of the ship, who recommended the formation of a committee of ladies on board each voyage to make inquiries among the passengers with a view of discovering any parties requiring assistance and relieving them. He handed over to them a box of clothing which he had received from the London Ladies' Committee, and also a box of warm clothing from the ladies of Southampton; and further stated that a lady and gentleman of Southampton were anxious to adopt an orphan child whose father had fallen in India. The meeting adjourned to the following day, the 24th, when it was reported that three cases had been discovered requiring relief, which was accordingly administered to the parties, who subsequently in the most grateful manner expressed their thanks.

"On the arrival of the Colombo in dock on Tuesday morning, the Mayor, and other members of the Local Relief Committee, went on board, and the three cases in question being brought to their notice, they availed themselves of the first opportunity which has yet occurred by appropriating two 10*l.* and one 5*l.* notes to the assistance of the respective parties.

CAWNPORE.

The subjoined is an extract from a letter written by a gentleman travelling with Sir James Outram's force to Cawnpore:—

"Maharajpore, Sept. 14.

(Posted at Cawnpore Sept. 15.)

"I have reached my old factory. The compound is one mass of jungle, with every here and there a broken door or a half-burnt timber or manufacturing implement, all the buildings burnt to the ground, and of the house there are only left three rooms that I built. Sissoopore, where Claude was, has also been burnt to the ground. Nudjughur* has not been burnt, but everything, to the doors, has been carried away; the remaining two factories have been protected by the zemindars of the place. Yesterday, in broad daylight, a band of five hundred robbers, headed by their zemindar, came to plunder a village, the zemindar of which came to the camp for help, which, however, was not given him; and, to-day, in talking of it with the people here, they told me that this very man keeps eight hundred matchlock men expressly to plunder his neighbours. I have heard of another band near one of the factories of this concern. The Thandard of Nudjughur, who came to see me, says that his authority is only partially acknowledged here and there, and set at defiance in some villages. The collections all over the country are at a dead stand."

* Nudjughur was the property of Mr. William Vincent.

JUBBULPORE.

A communication from India gives some particulars of the plot which was discovered at Jubbulpore:—

"For the last two or three months, Shunker Shah, an old Rajah of the Gond dynasty, had been plotting the destruction of the English at Jubbulpore and the burning of their houses, with the plunder of the treasury and the station generally. In this plot he was assisted by his son Rugonath Shah, and by others regarding whom no certain evidence has yet been obtained. Information of this plot having been given to Lieutenant Clerk, the Deputy-Commissioner, he sent a chuprassee in the disguise of a fakir to find out the truth of the matter. The plan was perfectly successful. The conspirators disclosed sufficient of their evil designs to warrant their apprehension. Accordingly, a large body of police were ordered to assemble at Lieutenant Clerk's bungalow, and was by that officer led to the Rajah's house; but, when within a mile of the place, Lieutenant Clerk galloped forward with the sowars, surrounding the village until the arrival of the foot police, when the apprehension was effected. In the possession of the Rajah was found a paper in Sanscrit, the purport of which was as follows:—'Close up the mouths of the tale-bearers. Having chewed the tale-bearers, eat them. Grind to pieces the enemies. Having killed the English, scatter them. O Mat Chundee (O Mother Dever!) let none escape. Kill the enemies and their families. Protect Sunker (Mahadeo), and preserve your disciples. Listen to the calling of the poor. Make haste, O Mat Halika (Dever). Eat the unclean race. Do not delay to devour them quickly. O Ghor Mat Kalika (O terrible Mother Dever!) After a trial of two days before a joint commission, the Rajah and his son were convicted, and sentenced to be blown from guns. The sentence was duly executed in the residency compound. The other conspirators who were convicted were reserved for punishment on the following day, but it was thought that, an example having been made, none of them would be blown from guns."

Another account says that the scattered remains of the Rajah and his son were pounced upon by kites and vultures, but that as much as could be collected was handed over to the Rance. The old man died with great firmness and dignity; his son appeared more dejected.

The following is a translation of a letter from the Sepoys and non-commissioned officers of the 52nd Regiment of the Bengal Native Infantry, to the officer commanding the regiment, shortly after the detection of the plot at Jubbulpore:—

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD OF CLEMENCY, THE BOUNTIFUL OF THE AGE, HIS EXCELLENCY COLONEL SAHIB BAHADOOR.

"May his power be perpetual! After respects, the representation is this:—That Shaik Diamutt Allee, Havildar-major, and Salar Buksh, Naik, and Dirguz Singh, Naik, and Chundee Deen Mase, Sepoy, and Jutehmun Mize, Sepoy, and Lall Mund Sookool, Sepoy, and Shaik Nuzuff Allee, Sepoy, and Bhowanee Singh, Sepoy, and others (named in the original)—these Sepoys, Sir, send here; and this regiment the Havildar-major ruined, and said that the Major Sahib and Moxon Sahib told the Madras Sepoys to seize all the arms of the regiment and kill them, then you will receive thirty rupees per man as reward and be promoted to Subahdar Bahadours. This speech the Havildar-major made to the Havildars on duty. If he had not said this we would not have deserted and saved our lives by flight, as only from the Havildar-major's speech we deserted. It is proper that these men should by some means or other be sent to us. Let them be seized and sent. We have committed no injury to the Government; and as for the muskets and cartridge-boxes which we brought away with us we have left our property in lieu thereof. Having sold it, take the price. Each Sepoy left about thirty rupees' worth of property. Also, send pay for one month and fifteen days. We are men of honour, and are doing Government good service here.

"Your Lordship answered that the Madras Sepoys are not under our authority; then, having become helpless, we came away here by your order to save our lives. And on the 19th of May, when you officers fled, then we, being faithful to our salt, did not say anything to your Lordships, and at that time the Madras regiment was not present; and when the Adjutant Sahib was attacked by a Sepoy with a bayonet if we had not been true to our salt why did we seize the Sepoy and make him over to you? And your highness is our lord and master, but when we did not find any way to save our lives we fled and came here, and we had regard to your Lordship's salt; if not, at that time we might have killed you. And if you do not let those Sepoys go then this Sahib (meaning Lieut. Macgregor) we will not kill, but, having bound him, will take him to Delhi, and if you will send those Sepoys then we will cause the Sahib to arrive where you are. Moreover, having seized those Sepoys, send them with a guard of police, and it will be well, and, if life remains, we will again be present in your service. We will not run away."

"This letter is written on the part of all the Sepoys and non-commissioned officers. All the Sepoys, non-commissioned, and commissioned officers send salaam."

INDIAN NAMES.

(From the Homeward Mail.)

For the use of purely English readers who may be unacquainted with Indian words we subjoin a brief glossary of the most common Indian vocabularies which are now of daily occurrence in the newspapers:—

P. shows that the word is Persian; Port., Portuguese; H., Hindustani; M., Marathi; Ar., Arabic; T., Tatar; Tam., Tamil; and S. Sanscrit.

Ab or awb, P., water; used in composition, as *Panjwab*; five waters, i. e. watered by five rivers. *Dooab*, district between two rivers.

Abad, P., inhabited; in composition, a town, as *Hyderabad*, city of Hyder; *Allahabad*, urbs Dei.

Ata, H. (prop. *atā*), flour, meal, the principal food of Hindús.

Ayah, Port., a nurse; now used for a female attendant on a lady.

Baba, T., a father; a child; used as a term of endearment or respect.

Baba log, T. S., children; the preceding word and log, from S. *lok*, people.

Baboo, a Hindú title, answering to our esquire.

Bag, P. (prop. *bāgh*), a garden. *Kudsiya bāgh* is the name of a garden spoken of in letters from Delhi. It is just outside the walls.

Bahadoor, P., brave; a common title of respect added to the names of military officers and others.

Bakree Eed, Ar. (prop. *bakrī 'id*), a festival held by Muslims on the 9th of the 12th month, in honour of Abraham's offering up Ishmael (not Isaac, as we say). From *bakar*, an ox; 'id, festival.

Bamba, H., a well. This word occurs in the plans of Delhi.

Bang, P., an intoxicating potion made from hemp.

Bazar, an exchange, or market-place.

Beebe, H., a lady.

Begum, T., a princess, or lady of high rank.

Bhaee, S., a brother; a comrade.

Bheester, P. (prop. *bihisti*), a water-carrier. Literally an inhabitant of *Bihisti*, or Paradise, from the pleasantness of the occupation in such a climate as India.

Bobachee, T. (prop. *bāwarchi*), a cook.

Budgerone, S. (prop. *bajrá*), a travelling boat of a larger kind.

Bud mash, P. Ar. (prop. *bud m'a ash*), a rogue; a villain. From *bad*, bad; and *m'ash* subsistence.

Bud sat, P. Ar., a bad character. From *bad*, bad; and *sāt*, essence.

Bungalow, H. (prop. *bangla*), a thatched house; any house.

Burkandaz, Ar. P., a matchlockman. From *bari*, lightning; *andāz*, throwing.

Chalo, S., come on; used in the phrase *chalo mera bhaee*, "come on, comrade; come on, boys."

Cherry, Tam. (prop. *cheri*), a termination meaning village, but now often applied to towns, as *Pondicherry*.

Chit, H. (prop. *chitti*), a note; a letter.

Chor, S., a thief.

Chapattee, P. (prop. *chāpāti*), a thin cake of unleavened bread.

Coolie, T. (prop. *kuli*), a porter or carrier.

Cutcherry, H. (prop. *Kachari*), a court of justice; a civilian's office.

Dak or dauk, H. (prop. *dāk*), a post or post-office; also a relay of horses or bearers.

Dacoit, H. (prop. *dākūt*), a robber; a gang-robber.

Dewan, a prime minister, sometimes an agent.

Dooab P., a country between two rivers.

Dost, P., a friend.

Dour, S. (prop. *daur*), a foray; a raid.

Durwazah, P., a door; the gate of a city.

Eed, Ar. (prop. 'id), a festival.

Enam, Ar. (prop. *in'am*), a gift; land granted in free tenure.

Feringhee, corruption of Frank; a European.

Fuqueer, Ar. (prop. *fakir*), a mendicant devotee; one who has taken a vow of poverty.

Ghazee, Ar. (prop. *ghāzi*), a Muslim who fights against infidels; a true believer who takes part in a holy war.

Golundaze, P. (prop. *gol-andāz*), literally ball-thrower; a native artilleryman.

Gujar, H., a tribe in the North-West Provinces, who profess to be the descendants of Rajpoots by women of inferior castes. They are now engaged in agriculture, but were formerly robbers and plunderers, and still retain a propensity to their old habits.

Havildar, Ar. P., a native officer, corresponding to our sergeant.

Jehad, Ar., a holy war.

Jemadar, Ar. P., a native officer, corresponding to our ensign or lieutenant.

Jhageerdar, P. (prop. *jāgirdār*), the holder of land granted for services.

Jheel, H., a shallow lake.

Jut, or Jant, a race of industrious and hardy cultivators, whose original seat is said to have been Ghazni, but who are now found in great numbers in the North-West Provinces, particularly at Bhurtpore (Bharatpur).

Kotwal, P., the chief officer of police in a city or town.

Lattoo and Lath, S. (prop. *lath* or *lūthi*), a pillar, a club.

Logue, S. (prop. *log*), people; as *bābi log*, children; *Shāh log*, English gentleman; *gori log*, Europeans; fair people.

Lotah, H. (prop. *lotā*), a small pot, generally of metal.

Mohurram, Ar. (prop. *Muharram*), literally sacred; name of the first Muhammadan month; the fast held on the 10th of that month, in memory of the death of Hussain, the younger son of Ali, and grandson of Muhammad, who was slain on that day at Carbalā in 'Irak, in the 46th year of the Hijrah.

Mundee, H. (prop. *mandi*), a market-place.

Musjid, Ar., a mosque. *Jumma Musjid* (prop. *Jum'ah masjid*), a cathedral mosque.

Naigue, or *Naig*, S. (prop. *Naik*), a native officer, corresponding to our corporal.

Nallah, or *Nullah*, H. (prop. *nālā*), a brook; a water-course; the channel of a torrent.

Nana, M., a grandfather; a term of respect. The title given to Dhundu Pant, the adopted son of the Peshwa, and son of Chimnaji Appa his brother.

Nuddee, S. (prop. *nadi*), a river.

Nunab, Ar. (prop. *Nunāb*), a viceroy, literally viceroy, being plural of *nāib*, a vicegerent, a nabob.

Peon, P., a messenger; a foot attendant.

Poorbee, S., eastern. A term applied to the Bengal sipahis by Sikhs and others.

Pore or *Poor*, S. (*prōis*), town; used chiefly in composition, as Bhurtpore or Bharatpur, the town of Bharata.

Pulhm, H., corrupt form of battalion.

Puttan, S. (prop. *pattanam*), a town, chiefly in composition, as Shri Ranga Pattanam; Seringapatam, the city of the divine Vishnu: it is the name given to 'Azimābād, and corrupted by Europeans to Patna.

Rajpoot, a Hindoo of the military tribe or order.

Rissalah, Ar. (prop. *risālah*), a troop of horse.

Rohillas, Ar., a people settled to the east of the Doab of the Ganges. They are originally, as the name implies, from Afghanistan, and now inhabit the districts of Bijnour, Moradabad, Bareilly, and Rampur.

Ryot, a peasant.

Sahib, Ar. (prop. *sāib*), a lord; a gentleman.

Shahzadah, P., prince; son of a king.

Sowar, P., a horseman; a trooper.

Shahdar, Ar., a native officer, corresponding to our captain.

Subsee mundee, P. H. (prop. *subsi mandi*), a market for vegetables. Name of the spot so often taken and retaken by our troops before Delhi.

Tuppah, H. (prop. *tappā*), a packet of letters; the post.

Zumeendar, P. (prop. *zamindār*), landholder; landed proprietor.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE IN THE CITY.

The Commander-in-Chief was on Wednesday presented, at a special Court of Common Council, with the freedom of the City and a handsome sword. The presentation took place at five o'clock in the Guildhall, which was fitted up for the occasion. Among other persons of note who were present was the Turkish Ambassador.

The Duke, having signed the declaration which was presented to him, was addressed by the Chamberlain, Sir John Key, who observed that the most conspicuous title of his Royal Highness is that of the 'soldier's friend,' adding:—

"The very name leads us back to a passage in our nation's life characterized by more chequered incidents, calling up more of mingled feeling destined to be referred to hereafter, with stronger alternations of pride and shame, than any event in the annals of history. And yet, sir, I believe I give utterance to the sentiments of this Court when, in any retrospect we take of the late war, I say the uppermost feelings of an Englishman's heart should be those of permitted elation, heartfelt thankfulness, and honest pride. Mistakes there were of economy, of administrative rule, of unpractised generalship, such as might have been looked for, perhaps, in the people of a land which had had rest for forty years; but still, of dishonour to our flag, of stain upon our sword, of shadow of reproach upon the stoutness of the English heart or the indomitableness of the English will, no trace ever appeared from the first landing of our troops at Gallipoli to the firing of the last shot against the shattered fortress of Sebastopol. (*Loud cheers*.) It is evident we owed, under God's blessing, our successes to the valiant spirit of the many—our losses only to the mismanagement of the few."

Of the Duke's military administration Sir John Key remarked:—

"We see in our military councils a vigour of purpose, a discrimination of character, a breadth of plan and object in the educational arrangements, and a considerate regard for the circumstances of the lowest subaltern, which, if permitted to be carried out, will cause the British soldier to be as much respected for his high-toned moral deportment in the barracks as for his fearless and undaunted spirit in the field."

The Duke replied to this address in suitable terms, and, having shaken hands with the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, Alderman Wire, Alderman Rose, and many of the visitors, left the hall amidst much

cheering. The sword is thus described in the daily papers:—

"The handle is of carved ivory, studded with carbuncle; the hilt of gold, richly chased, and set with uncut emeralds and brilliants. On the cross of the hilt are the insignia of a Field-Marshal in brilliants, surrounded with a wreath of oak-leaves and acorns, formed by emeralds and brilliants. On the scabbard is the Duke's cipher in brilliants, and the City arms carved in carbuncle, and set with rubies. On the blade is inscribed:— 'The freedom of the City of London, together with this sword, was presented to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., Commander-in-Chief of the British army, by the Corporation of London, in testimony of their high estimation of his distinguished character and services. A.D. 1857.' On the scabbard, amid elaborate chasings, are inscribed the words—'Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, Sebastopol.'"

In the evening, the Lord Mayor entertained the Duke at a banquet at the Mansion House. Replying to the toast of the Army and Navy, coupled with his own name, his Royal Highness spoke in favour of augmenting our forces. We are not an aggressive people, he remarked, and ours is not an aggressive army; so that he had no fear of speaking as he was doing in the presence of the distinguished foreigners he saw around him, who might otherwise think that his observations implied a feeling inimical to friendly powers:—

"See what has occurred in India! Are we doing justice to our army or to ourselves if we place our troops in so important and at the same time so dangerous a position? (*Cheers*.) Surely, as an act of humanity to the troops we employ, it is only right they should be maintained in sufficient force and efficiency to uphold the interests of the empire. I ask whether the events which have recently occurred in India ought not to induce us to open our eyes and to look a little ahead, and never again to allow the interests of the empire to be so seriously endangered. The Lord Mayor has been good enough to allude to my exertions as Commander-in-Chief, in conjunction with my colleagues, in despatching a large and efficient body of troops to India. I take no credit to myself, but I certainly flatter myself that the Government of this country have used every means in their power to provide for the support of our troops in India. (*Cheers*.) The country has appreciated, and will continue to appreciate, those efforts; but I still maintain that it is a dangerous experiment to allow our East Indian possessions to be placed under the guardianship of so small a number of European troops as have hitherto been maintained there. A great and fearful catastrophe has occurred. I hope no one would suggest that we should mow indiscriminately right and left; that we should burn villages; and that we should destroy their inhabitants. Such a proceeding would be suicidal. But, on the other hand, I conceive that no man, whatever may be his views of humanity, can maintain that a body of mutinous soldiers is to be permitted to stroll from one end of the vast Empire of India to the other, and that when the mutiny is suppressed they are to be treated as if they had done no wrong. (*No, no, no.*) I am persuaded that no Englishman would entertain such an opinion. I am convinced that there is no humanity in such sentiments, and that some misapprehension must have existed with regard to the feelings and ideas attributed to persons in authority on this subject. I am happy to have the opportunity of saying what I was very anxious to state, that there is no truth whatever in a report I have seen that my excellent and gallant friend the Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir Colin Campbell, and the Governor-General of India are not on good terms. I have a letter from my friend in which he alludes to this report having been circulated, and he distinctly and positively denies that the slightest difference had occurred between them."

His Royal Highness eulogized the character of the Company's officers, whose only fault, he said, had been that they had trusted the native soldiers too much. We must, however, always have a native army, though it ought only to be an auxiliary army. Thank Heaven! concluded the Duke, we are far more of a military nation than many of those in which the conscript system prevails. If it were not so, how could we raise those large armies which are always forthcoming when the occasion for them arises?

M. Musurus, the Turkish Minister, in returning thanks for the Foreign Ambassadors, expressed the sympathy which the Sultan feels for the British nation, and his detestation of the atrocities of the Sepoys.

The American Minister made rather a strange speech. After alluding to the previous address, delivered 'in a language not familiar to all,' he said it had been his intention not to 'inflict upon them another address.' Still, as he had been requested by the Lord Mayor to do so, he would say a few words, which should be from a Republican point of view. He could conceive the 'possibility' of a patriot prince; but it was the people of England, as the 'jurors' in this particular case, who had to decide, and, if they were satisfied, their finding would be conclusive on the judgment of those who heard it. For himself, he 'was not one of the jury for the

trial of the fact,' and his Republican education 'in a measure unfitted him for what at first appeared the interesting and appropriate ceremony of that day.' Alluding to the crimes of the Sepoys, he said he thought he knew his countrymen well enough to say that, in their estimation, 'no language could be too strong, no words too impressive, no force too sudden, no blows too severe,' for such enormities.

Earl Granville, in acknowledging the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers," entered into the toast of Lord Canning, more especially with reference to the celebrated proclamation:—

"Now, I shall give no opinion of my own as to that proclamation, as to whether it was judicious in its substance, or as to the time at which it was issued; but I shall venture to state a few undeniable facts respecting it. The tendency of that direction or proclamation was that death should be inflicted upon all the guilty, although in some cases where there were extenuating circumstances, the ultimate penalty should not be at once inflicted; but the strictest injunctions were given to spare none except the really innocent. That order was addressed exclusively to the civil authorities. It did not give to them one iota more power than before, but merely gave them certain directions as to the exercise of those powers which by law they already possessed. The only reference to the military authorities was that in certain doubtful cases the civil officers should not act themselves, but should hand over their prisoners to the military authorities to be dealt with by them. I know it may be said, that, although this order was addressed to the civil authorities, it was calculated indirectly to produce a discouraging effect upon the military authorities. Upon this point I shall give no opinion, but I may refer to one case that has come to my knowledge. I believe there are no two men in India who more fully deserve the confidence of the public than General Wilson and Sir John Lawrence. But what has been the effect of the proclamation upon these two men? It appears that General Wilson wrote to Sir John Lawrence a few days before this proclamation was issued, stating that there were certain irregular Cavalry whose mode of acting had distinguished them from their fellows, and that it would be most expedient and politic that they should be treated with some leniency. General Wilson accordingly asked Sir John Lawrence whether he himself or whether Sir John Lawrence would be justified in exercising any discretion? Sir John Lawrence answered in the negative, and said he could not give any authority; that he did not think General Wilson could exercise any discretion; but that, if General Wilson would make a representation at head-quarters, it would probably be attended to. Almost immediately after the despatch of the letter containing this statement, Sir John Lawrence received the proclamation. He then wrote to General Wilson, and said, 'Although the proclamation does not specifically apply to this case, yet its spirit fully justifies you in following out the dictate of sound policy.' And Sir John Lawrence then went on in the most clear and eloquent terms to show, not merely the humanity, but the sound practical policy of the proclamation. I do not give my own opinion on the subject, although I have formed one; but I do think that the opinions of two such men as these are worthy of consideration by the public of this country before they come to the conclusion that Lord Canning is a pusillanimous statesman. There is another point which has been very much canvassed in this country, namely, the sending up of Mr. Grant to control the military authorities and to liberate the mutineers. It is reported that Mr. Grant liberated one hundred and fifty mutineers. I have no means of knowing whether that story is true or false, or whether, if that act took place, there were any circumstances which would justify the Governor-General in sanctioning or in disapproving of it. But this I know as a positive fact, that the Governor-General sent Mr. Grant, not to control the military authorities or to liberate mutineers or murderers, but as the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces was confined in the fort of Agra, and unable to discharge his civil duties, it was deemed desirable that a *locum tenens* should be provided, and on that account Mr. Grant was despatched to the district. One of the qualifications which Lord Canning believed that Mr. Grant possessed was, that he was fully impressed with the importance of not interfering with the military authorities in the performance of their duties."

The Earl also reiterated the Duke of Cambridge's denial that Lord Canning and Sir Colin Campbell had quarrelled. On the contrary, they were friends, and had a high appreciation of each other. The party did not break up till a late hour.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, M.P., AND MR. LOCKE, M.P., AT SOUTHWARK.

A LARGE meeting of the electors and non-electors of Southwark was held on the evening of yesterday week at the Bridge House Hostel, in order to hear from the Borough members an account of their stewardship. Sir Charles Napier was the first speaker. After briefly recapitulating the business of the session, referring to his

support of the ballot, objecting to the camp at Aldershot as at present constituted, and denouncing the new House of Parliament and the projected buildings for the Government departments, Sir Charles passed on to the Indian question, and observed that the natives have a right to endeavour to get back India to themselves, but are not justified in resorting to such acts of atrocious cruelty as they have committed. A gallant relative of his was the only person who had foreseen the danger, and warned the Government. "The question remained—Had we done all that we could do to suppress this mutiny? The news of it first reached this country in the latter end of May, and he (Sir Charles Napier) then urged the Government not to lose one single moment in sending an adequate force out to India. He was told, much to his surprise, that vessels under sail would accomplish the voyage to India just as soon as steamships. He did not believe that, but there were people in the House of Commons who did, and he did not know what, in the name of God, some of them were made of. (A laugh.) When he insisted that they who made that assertion were wrong, he was pooh-poohed; but the truth was that he could furnish such people with arguments, but not with brains. (A laugh.) The time when the first troops sailed from this country for India was in the beginning of July. There was thus a loss of time of five or six weeks; and he verily believed, if those troops could have been sent off immediately after the news of the rebellion reached this country, it was possible that the massacre at Cawnpore might have been prevented. (Hear, hear.) He would, however, say one thing for the Government. Since the time when they began to send troops out, they had used the most extraordinary exertions. (Hear, hear.) He did not believe there was another nation in the world who could have sent troops to such a distance with anything like the same celerity as we had done to India. He meant, after the Government had recovered their senses and had once begun to do the work."

Mr. Locke subsequently addressed the meeting in favour of reform, and in condemnation of Lord Canning's interference with the military in the punishment of the Indian mutineers.

On the motion of Mr. John Vickers, seconded by Mr. Marcus Sharpe, a resolution was carried expressive of the opinion of the meeting that Sir Charles Napier and Mr. Locke had faithfully fulfilled the pledges given by them on their election; that the time had arrived for the adoption of the ballot, the extension of the franchise, and the abolition of church-rates, and for placing the whole government of India on a more satisfactory footing.

THE INDIAN CRISIS.

The Earl of Shaftesbury presided yesterday week at a meeting in aid of the Indian sufferers held at the New Town Hall, Wimborne. He dilated at considerable length on the unparalleled atrocities committed by the mutineers; denied that they had received any provocation to rise against us, asserting, on the contrary, that they had been pampered and underworked; pointed to the fact that the native population has not joined in the outbreak; maintained that we are bound to execute stern justice on the rebels, though at the same time suggesting that Lord Canning, in his recent proclamation, may have only desired to check any undue tendency towards 'wild justice'; and urged the necessity of instituting certain Indian reforms, and of henceforth boldly declaring ourselves a Christian race in the East as well as at home, while forbearing from any coercion of the faiths of the natives. Speaking of the causes of the mutiny, the Earl said:—"Nothing so noble has animated the breasts of the Sepoys as the love of their own false religion. It does not appear that in one single instance they have put it forward as the plea for this rebellion. But, when the opportunity came, they murdered their officers and plundered the treasury. 'Money is the root of all evil.' These 'noble fellows,' whom we are asked to believe rebelled for their religion—these precious fellows, having begun by murdering their officers, have invariably proceeded to 'loot' the treasury. That was the beginning and end of all their operations. Don't let us believe that anything so generous as adherence to their vile faith led them to these enormous crimes. It was the love of blood and the love of money."

SIR BENJAMIN HALL AT ABERGAVENNY.

The First Commissioner of Works presided a few days ago at the annual meeting and dinner of the Abergavenny Agricultural Association, and, in addressing the company, gave them some good advice on the subject of agriculture and the advisability of allowing sheep to eat turnips, their tendency to do which was for a long time disputed by the Welsh farmers till they were convinced of their error by the present baronet's father. He also related an amusing anecdote showing that Welshmen may be persuaded, but not forced:—"I happened to make a road through a part of my estate at Abercarn, and I found there a remarkably fine beech-tree; but its silvery bark had proved too strong a temptation to the knives of the idlers, who had inscribed their names and their rude love-songs upon the tree. It was perfectly covered with all kinds of hieroglyphics, which offended my eye. As to putting up a notice that mantraps or spring guns were laid to prevent Welshmen

from cutting the tree, I knew that would be useless; so I put up this notice, written both in Welsh and English:—'None but fools will inscribe their names upon this tree.' (A laugh.) Thus appealing to their good sense, and they not wishing to be included in the category of fools, my tree now remains unmolested by every gentle swain, and no rustic Vikings has since attempted to address his Dinah by writing upon it."

MR. DISRAELI AND MR. DU PRÉ IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

The Amersham and Chesham Agricultural Association eat its annual dinner on Tuesday in the Town Hall of the former place, when the two county members addressed the company. Mr. Disraeli adverted to the importance of Agricultural Associations, which, he said, had at one time been derided; complimented the county on the progress it is making in the scientific cultivation of the earth; and defended the practice of giving deserving labourers fifty shillings for fifty years' faithful servitude, on the ground that the money is bestowed simply as a testimony, and not as a payment, in the same way that the Indian hero Havelock has been rewarded with the good service pension of 100*l.* a year—an honour which all officers covet, as a proof of high distinction. Mr. Du Pré briefly alluded to the Indian revolt, and expressed his belief that "England is unanimous as to the punishment of the mutineers, though there had been some quibbling about words. There had been an attempt to distinguish between justice and vengeance; but, in England, all men mean the same thing. No one wishes the perpetrators of these horrible enormities to escape the just punishment due to their crimes—no body would be unwilling, where there are extenuating circumstances, that mercy should be shown; but, while a terrible example is required, he expressed the hope that no British soldier will be so forgetful of the uniform he wears and the country to which he belongs as to treat with insult or injury any woman or child."

MR. LINDSAY AT TYNEMOUTH.

Mr. Lindsay, M.P., addressed his Tynemouth constituents on Monday night. He referred to the commercial disasters in America, and spoke more especially of the shipping interest, which he thought will be prosperous before long, as at present there is little ship-building going on either in this country or in America, while at the same time the trade of the world is increasing. He then alluded to the Great Eastern steamship:—"If that ship answered, it became a question how they would stand with their small vessels. It was a matter of great interest to all, but particularly to those directly or indirectly interested in shipping, whether the ship was likely to answer commercially or not. He had strong opinions on the subject commercially; but first let him say she would be a great triumph of mechanical art. He believed no finer or stronger ship was ever put together. With regard to speed, he doubted whether she would attain to what had been stated, though he fully believed that she would attain a greater speed than any ship ever yet launched in the waters. Our nation had reason to be proud of such a great triumph of mechanical skill. (Hear, hear.) But, commercially, it was to them a most important question, because, if such a ship as that answered commercially, then all their property in shipping must in a short time go to the wall. (Hear, hear.) His experience, however,—and he believed it would coincide with theirs—was that they had found they had, in fact, been building their ships too large. (Hear, hear.) The Americans, who are a far-sighted people, had discovered this fact. They say that a 3000 tons ship is too large for the ordinary purposes of commerce, and it has been found that a ship of from 800 to 1200 tons for the East India trade is the most profitable description of ship, while from 1500 to 1800 tons is about the limit." So, also, with the transport of troops: it is better to send them out in batches of four or six hundred in separate vessels, than to despatch ten thousand at a time in one large vessel, the risk in case of accident being so much the less in the former case. Coming to the consideration of the Indian revolt, Mr. Lindsay said he thought there was no doubt that we had governed India better than the Mahometan princes, who were as much interlopers as we; but it was doubtful whether we had governed better than the original Hindoo princes, because traces still exist of works of irrigation, roads, &c., constructed by those monarchs, which have been suffered to fall into decay. We had not done all we might have done for India. "Though we had been drawing large amounts of revenue from the people, we had been neglecting public works; we had not been opening canals or adding to the facilities of communication as we ought to have done. We had done much, but we had also left much undone which we ought to have done. (Applause.) When he looked at the enormous revenue derived from India, he asked how much was spent in public works; and, taking Glasgow or Manchester, he found that one of these large cities—namely, Manchester—had spent more in a year in institutions for the benefit and elevation of the people than the Court of Directors of the East India House had done for the whole of India in the same period. (Hear, hear.) A sort of fatality seemed to follow this course of aggrandizement—grasping vast extents of territory without taking the means to govern well the territory we had already. It would have been much wiser if we

had limited our territory and governed it better. We were told we had been driven by necessity to increase our territory; but he doubted that very much. We had taken possession of more territory in India than we could govern well: if we had had less of territory, we should have governed it better." With respect to the East India Company, Mr. Lindsay spoke highly of several of its members, and said that, when he wrote a letter to the board, he got a prompt, business-like answer, which, he added, is more than can be said of the Government departments. Still, he objected to the system, and thought some plan should be carried out by which the Government of India should be in India itself, and that at home there should be a Secretary of State for India, so that the administration of that great empire should be under the control of the House of Commons. Martial law should have been proclaimed in the disaffected districts at the commencement of the revolt, which would then probably have been put down sooner. Our only course now is to show no mercy to the Sepoys, but to spare the women and children.

In answer to questions by an elector, Mr. Lindsay said he believed it was the intention of Mr. Lowe to introduce next session a bill to abolish passing tolls. He doubted whether Lord Palmerston is the best man to frame a Reform Bill, and feared that Indian matters would interfere with the promised measure.

LORD SANDON, M.P., ON THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

A few days ago, Viscount Sandon, M.P., presided at the annual distribution of prizes given by the Association for the Advancement of Education in the Mining and Manufacturing Districts of North Staffordshire, which took place at Stoke-upon-Trent. There was a gathering of the juvenile population of the neighbourhood on the occasion and a considerable number of the clergy and gentry. Lord Sandon, in addressing the meeting, alluded to the obstacle to the education of the working classes which is presented by the early age at which the children of humble parents are taken away from school, to assist in the general income of the family. This seemed natural at first sight; but, if parents considered a little, they would find that the labour of their children would be far more profitable if they allowed them to remain a little longer under tuition, for the educated workman always commands a higher price than the uneducated. "Think of what a child gains by going through such training. In the first place, he is taught to respect others; and when a child has learnt to do that he is sure to respect himself; therefore, that is one of the most valuable lessons which he could receive in life. What does respect for others mean? It means politeness, which to some might appear a slight thing, but it is really only another name for unselfishness. (Cheers.) A boy under good training at school learns respect for his comrades, and submission to those placed in authority over him, which is a very excellent lesson when not carried too far. It is a serviceable lesson for all ranks of society, and no one can hope to get on in life unless he submits to the discipline which his rightful superiors exercise over him. (Hear, hear.) Then, as far as intellectual acquirements are concerned, this training is very valuable. To the children of mechanics, artisans, and labourers, reading, writing, and arithmetic are of the greatest service; but though, to a certain extent, instruction in other things is highly desirable, he should be sorry to see an attempt made to introduce a knowledge of the abstruse branches of science, or of modern languages, into the schools of the great mass of the people. All he wanted to see was that such instruments are, so to speak, placed in the children's hands that, by being good readers, good writers, and good arithmeticians, they might be able, if they pleased, to pursue any particular branch of knowledge after they had left school." (Hear, hear.) His Lordship also glanced at the common assertion that the educated among the working classes are too apt to look down upon their work, as if it were beneath their notice. This he attributed to the fact of education as yet being only partial. When all men are educated, no one will look upon himself as being above his fellows. Lord Sandon concluded by exhorting all to consider the vastness of our empire, and the necessity imposed on us of being the foremost among the people of the world, in order that we may support worthily the immense responsibilities which rest on our actions.

SIR GEORGE GREY AT MORPETH.

The Secretary of State for the Home Department paid a visit to his constituents at Morpeth on Wednesday week, and took part in the proceedings at a public meeting held at Bedlington, an outlying part of the borough, to promote the rebuilding of a school, with the aid of a grant of money from the Government. Sir George addressed the meeting on the subject of education, and said that, in a free country like this, voluntary efforts, aided by the Government, are the best means of instructing the people, and that compulsion would not be endured.

LORD BROUGHAM AT LEEDS AND LIVERPOOL.

Lord Brougham presided on Tuesday evening at the *soirée* of the Leeds Mechanics' Institution and Literary Society. In addressing the company, he regretted that institutions such as the one to which he was then speaking should have been diverted from their original pur-

pose—the instruction of artisans; made some observations in favour of an abridgment of the hours of labour, and of requiring the test of examination in the case of schoolmasters; and concluded by referring to the Indian revolt. He conceived that the possession of India is in no degree necessary to our wealth or national grandeur; but that, if we lose it, we shall not be safe in any part of the world. Besides that, observed his Lordship, if we abandon our hold on our Eastern Empire, “we leave millions on millions to the most cruel of all fates—the anarchy, the rapine, and the bloodthirstiness of their own contending chiefs and tyrants.” The Right Hon. M. T. Baines moved the first resolution or sentiment, and in doing so merely alluded to the past services of the noble chairman. The resolution was—“To impart a scientific form to the processes of our great industrial arts, and to introduce the study of these into the class instruction of the artisan would at once dignify industry and render it more productive.” The Rev. A. Barry seconded the motion. Mr. R. M. Milnes, M.P., next proposed the following sentiment:—“That the study of literature and the fine arts is eminently calculated to refine the sentiments and elevate the character of the community.” He then addressed the meeting in support of the views thus expressed; and, various other sentiments having been proposed and spoken to, the evening was wound up by a vote of thanks to Lord Brougham.

Lord Brougham arrived in Liverpool on Wednesday, and on Thursday proceeded to the Institute and School of Art, for the purpose of inaugurating the Queen's College, recently formed in connexion with the Institute and with the London University. His Lordship spoke at considerable length on the value of such educational establishments. Alluding to the subject of free African labour, he said:—“I grieve to find what I predicted in the House of Lords last July, that, in the ridiculous pretext to encourage the emigration, as it is called, of ‘free African labourers,’ which is an attempt to revive the African slave trade (*hear, hear*)—I grieve to say that what I then predicted has been more than verified, and that the innocent, useful, and civilizing commerce of Africa is for the present suspended by that speculation. I hope and trust that there will speedily be an end to it.” His Lordship afterwards visited the Free Public Library and Museum.

EAST LANCASHIRE UNION OF MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

The Lord Bishop of Manchester presided on Wednesday evening at the first annual distribution of prizes and certificates awarded by the Council of the East Lancashire Union of Mechanics' and other institutes. The distribution took place in the assembly room of the Burnley Mechanics' Institution, in presence of upwards of a thousand persons. On the platform were Sir John Pakington, M.P.; Mr. William Cowper, M.P.; Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth; Colonel Patten, M.P.; Lord Cavendish, M.P.; Colonel Towneley, High Sheriff of Lancashire, and other local promoters of popular education. The three first named delivered addresses, and several resolutions were adopted.

MR. AYTON, M.P., AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of the Tower Hamlets was held on Tuesday evening at the Beaumont Institution, Mile-end, for the purpose of hearing from Mr. Aytton, M.P., a statement of his proceedings in Parliament as a representative of the borough. Having addressed his auditors on the chief topics of the day, a resolution approving of his Parliamentary conduct was adopted by acclamation.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE AT EAST RETFORD.

The Duke of Newcastle performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new National Schools, now in the course of erection at East Retford, on Tuesday, and in the evening attended a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. His Grace delivered a speech in favour of the objects of the society, and, after reviewing the course of its operations in various parts of the world, referred specially to India, and maintained that the Government would not be justified in endeavouring by compulsion or reward to convert the natives to Christianity. We must trust to the purity of our morals and the blamelessness of our lives for effecting the spread of our religion among the Hindoos and Mahometans.

THE WAREHOUSEMEN AND CLERKS' SCHOOLS.

The fourth anniversary dinner of this institution took place on Thursday evening at the London Tavern; Mr. Charles Dickens in the chair. In a speech bright and glowing with humour and fancy, Mr. Dickens sketched a list of the schools which he does not like—the old-fashioned schools of ignorance, tyranny, and pretence; and then, in a strain of fitting seriousness, indicated the kind of school which he does like. “It is a school established by the members of an industrious and useful order which supplies the comforts and graces of life at every familiar turning in the road of our existence; it is a school established by them for the orphan and necessitous children of their own brethren and sisterhood; it is a place giving an education worthy of them—an education by them invented, by them conducted, by them watched over; it is a place of education where, while the beautiful history of the Christian religion is daily taught, and while the life of that Divine Teacher who himself took little children on his knees is daily studied, no sectarian ill-

will nor narrow human dogma is permitted to darken the face of the clear heaven which they disclose. It is a children's school, which is, at the same time, no less a children's home—a home not to be confided to the care of cold or ignorant strangers, nor, by the nature of its foundation, in the course of ages to pass into hands that have as much natural right to deal with it as with the peaks of the highest mountains or with the depths of the sea, but to be from generation to generation administered by men living in precisely such homes as those poor children have lost—(*cheers*)—by men always bent upon making that replacement such a home as their own dear children might find a happy refuge in if they themselves were taken early away.” Mr. Dickens also proposed in eloquent terms the health of the President, Lord John Russell (who was not present), and of Mr. W. H. Russell, as the representative of the press.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—FAILURE IN THE LAUNCH.

A GREAT disappointment was experienced on Tuesday morning by all who take interest in the gigantic vessel just completed at Millwall. On that day (not on Wednesday, as erroneously stated last week), an attempt was made to launch the huge ship; but it failed, and, unfortunately, the circumstance was attended with injury to five men who were employed in the operations, and to the vessel herself. Great uncertainty prevailed in the public mind up to Monday as to when the launch would take place, and for a time it was supposed that it would be postponed for a considerable period; consequently, on Tuesday morning there were not so many sight-seers on the ground as might have been expected. Several engineers, however, from all parts of England, and some from France, Germany, Russia, and America, were present, and the notabilities included the Comte de Paris, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Siamese ambassadors—the latter with a numerous retinue. These visitors from the far East seemed to think more of the general public, to whom they sought to display themselves to the best advantage, than of the launch; and they were rewarded by a very gracious reception from the lookers-on. The river showed a large number of vessels covered with hosts of curious gazers, and the river banks were not without their crowds of eager expectants; but the scaffoldings which were erected on the top of the neighbouring houses were but thinly peopled.

During the previous night, the various supports towards the river were removed; and about half-past twelve on Tuesday the operations of the day commenced. We must here borrow from the *Times* the lucid account given by its reporter of the preparations for the launch, and of the lamentable failure:—

“On the river side, four large lighters were moored in the tideway, and worked with crabs and sheaves upon the chains, which were fastened to the vessel amidships. Each of these four lighters was capable of applying a strain of sixty tons, all of which was to be used to draw the vessel down the launching ways in case of any *contretemps* which might prevent her running. Two lighters were also moored at the stem and two at the stern of the vessel. The chains passing from the ship to these latter were returned again on shore, so as to be worked with a double purchase. Small stationary engines on land were used to haul in these, and made the whole force available to pull the vessel off the shore upwards of six hundred tons.

“These were the means taken to draw her down to the water, but the greatest efforts of Mr. Brunel were, of course, concentrated in the cheek tackle which was to pull her back and prevent her dashing into the river at the fearful momentum of twelve thousand tons weight, sliding down an incline of one in twelve. For this purpose two most powerful drums had been constructed, to which the cradles were attached by enormous sheaves or pulleys of cast iron, expressly cast for this purpose, and weighing five tons each. One sheave was fastened to each cradle, and wrought iron chain cables of the largest size connected these with two other sheaves, each of which was secured to the drum, which paid out the chain, and, in fact, regulated the whole operation. These drums and the framework on which they rest having to bear the strain of the whole mass in motion, extraordinary precautions were taken to render them as massive as they could be made by any known combination of wood and iron. The shape was that of an ordinary reel, the axle of which was formed by beams of timber and strips of wrought iron bound together so as to form a drum about twenty feet long and nine feet in diameter. At each end of the cylinder are the wheels of the drum or discs, sixteen feet in diameter, each of solid iron and weighing upwards of twenty tons, so that the weight of each drum is more than sixty tons in all. The axle of the disc is set in a frame of iron, while around its outer edge passes a band of wrought iron to work in the manner of a friction clutch or break. This, with the aid of strong iron levers twenty feet long, brings such a pressure to bear upon the discs of the drum as to lower its rate of revolutions, or entirely stop them in case of the chain being paid out too fast. These drums were

set in a solid bed of wood formed by driving down masses of piles into the gravel, so as to form a mass of timber twenty feet square. This is bound together with iron, and strong shores pass from the cube of piles to the bed of piles on which the launching-ways are built. So that, in fact, no matter what the strain, it was impossible for the setting of the drums to give, unless the whole river's bank gave way with them. One of these drums is built opposite each cradle; the chains used between them and the cradles are the chain cables of the great ship itself, which are 2½ inches in diameter, or about sixty pounds the link. Between each drum and the cradle on which the vessel rested an hydraulic ram was fixed to ‘start’ her. That at the forward end gave a pressure of six hundred tons; the one at the stern one thousand.

“The launch was fixed to commence at eleven o'clock, but things were not arranged for the moving of the monster when that time came. Gangs of men were employed in hauling chains, in clearing away the slightest obstacle upon the ways, and giving the metal the final coating down of black lead and oil. Mr. Brunel's position was high up in a little rostrum fixed on the inner side of the vessel. On this spot he was in a line with the conspicuous marks which had been erected on each side of the ship and facing him on Mr. Pease's factory on the other side of the river. From this point he was to regulate the advance of stem and stern by signals, which were communicated to the gangs of workmen, both to pull her off and hold her back by means of flags—a white flag being the signal to haul together, and a red one to cease on all points.

“It was nearly half-past twelve, and the public were beginning to yawn and manifest impatience, when they were somewhat appeased by seeing the christening bottle of wine, gaily decorated with flowers, carried forward to the stem of the vessel. Here it was soon suspended, and Miss Hope, the daughter of the chairman of the Great Eastern Company, giving it a hearty swing, dashed the wine over the bows of the vessel, and bade ‘The Leviathan! God speed, amid the cheers of thousands. In a few moments afterwards, the word was passed to commence the launch. At the signals, the lighters slowly but steadily commenced to haul taught their tackle from the river, which it was thought would of itself be sufficient to bring the vessel gently down. It appeared, however, to have no effect beyond once or twice producing in the vessel itself a sullen rumbling noise like distant thunder as the great strain told upon her hull. It remained thus for about ten minutes. Expectation was wound up to the highest pitch, when the peculiar hissing noise of the hydraulic rams at work to push her off was heard. We should have mentioned that each of the drums was constructed so as to be turned by ordinary windlasses, in order to wind up the slack chain between the drums and the cradles, otherwise, if any slack were left when the hydraulic rams started the vessel, it would run it rapidly out, and Heaven only knows the consequences that might ensue. When the ‘rams’ began to work, the order was distinctly given to ‘wind up’—meaning to coil in the slack between the drum and the cradle. This was accordingly done at the forward drum, but, unfortunately, at the stern of the vessel the men did precisely the reverse, and uncoiled more slack chain. Among the number of engineers who were looking on the danger of this was seen at a glance, but there was no official to check the men, who seemed ordinary ‘navvies.’ Suddenly, there was a cry of ‘She moves, she moves!’ the fore part of the vessel slipped, and the stern rushed down rapidly. It seemed to slip some three or four feet in the space of a couple of seconds, in consequence of the slack chain from the after drum offering not the least check. In an instant, the strain came upon the drum, which was dragged round, and of course, as that was connected with the windlass by multiplying wheels, the latter turned some ten or fifteen times for every foot the drum moved. The men at the windlass madly tried to hold it, but the heavy iron handle flew round like lightning, striking them and hurling five or six high into the air as if they had been blown up by some powerful explosion. A panic seemed to spread as this shocking accident took place, and the men stationed at the tackle and fall of the level next the windlass rushed away. Fortunately, most fortunately, for the lives of hundreds of the spectators, the men at the lever at the other side of the drum stood firm, and hauling on their tackle, drew their lever up and applied the break on the drum with such terrific force that the ship instantly stopped, though she seemed to quiver under the sudden check as if she had received a heavy blow, and the cheek tackle and massive pile of timber which restrained the drums strained audibly. The whole of this took place in the course of two or three seconds. The vessel dropped, the men were hurled from the windlass, and with a heavy rumbling noise the tremendous structure was still on the ‘ways’ again, almost before the spectator had time to imagine what had occurred. For a moment there was rather a panic, and a disposition to run from the spot, but it was only momentary. Four of the men who were injured were carried off to the Poplar Hospital at once, and a fifth, who seemed to have sustained some severe internal hurt, was afterwards assisted from the yard.

"This melancholy occurrence seemed to exercise a most depressing effect, especially upon the workmen, though the tremendous strain to which the drum was exposed, and which even with the friction of only one book, proved sufficient to check the vessel with a great and unexpected momentum on her, showed that the check tackle was all that could be desired. An examination of the place where the accident occurred showed that the toothed wheels of the windlass (which seemed totally insufficient in multiplying power to enable the men to exercise any check upon the revolution of the drum) were broken, and appeared so out of gear that they were almost useless. Beyond this damage, which was of not the least importance, the rest of the apparatus of the drum and framework was as firm as ever. The vessel it was found had slipped down the ways about 3 feet at the forward drum, and 4 feet 3 inches at the one fixed aft. The stern had progressed, of course, about 6 feet towards the river.

"All this took place before a quarter to one o'clock, and it was two before everything was again ready to move her still further down the ways. Before that time the weather, which at no period had been very favourable, became still worse, and the little drops of rain which had now and then fallen at short intervals gave place to a regular, steady drizzle, so that the public looked with unusual impatience to the launching efforts. At a few minutes after two o'clock, the men were all again at their posts, and the signal was given to recommence. This time every precaution was taken to prevent a loop of slack in the chain again occurring. All the lighters from the river got their hauling tackle in order, and began to strain upon the vessel, but without making the least apparent impression. The tide was then within a few feet of its highest, and it became evident to all concerned that if the vessel was to be moved at all that day no time was to be lost. Again from out of the dense mass of timber of the cradles came the little hissing noise at regular intervals, which told that the enormous pressure of the hydraulic rams was found requisite to start her; still, in spite of all, she never moved or showed the slightest symptom of being at all affected by the terrific pressure which was applied to her. After the pressure with the rams had been continued some time, a rather loud crash was heard among the timbers of the foremost cradle, and some men ran from it. What it really was did not transpire, but it was nothing of importance. The stationary engine, which, as we have mentioned, was put to haul upon the chains to the bows, at last gave way, and the chain itself snapped in two, though not until some of the teeth of the wheels of the engine, as we were informed, had also broken before the strain. At the same time, a pin in the piston rod of the foremost hydraulic ram also gave way, and these two accidents were irreparable. The signal was made to cease hauling, and in a minute or so afterwards the officials of the company announced that the launch was over 'for the day.'

THE LATE GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

We briefly announced in our Postscript last week the death of General Cavaignac. There is but little to add to the details of that distinguished man's last moments. The death appears to have been sudden—almost instantaneous. On the body being removed from the fields where the General and his host, M. Gustave de Beaumont, had been shooting, to the house of the latter, "Madame Cavaignac," writes the *Times* Paris correspondent, "would not have of the remains of her husband being interred elsewhere than in Paris. She placed the body in a carriage, and, with the head in her lap, and accompanied by General Cavaignac, the uncle of the deceased, and by her infant child, she proceeded to the railroad station at Tours, and asked that a special train should be at once got ready. The demand was at first refused; but, on announcing who she was, and whose were the remains she guarded, it was forthwith complied with." This occurred on Wednesday, the 28th ult.; not Thursday, as stated last week. On being brought to Paris, the body lay in a kind of state, and was seen by several friends. It is related that one of the bystanders said to the General's child, "Look at your papa; he is dead." To which the child replied, with a look of sad curiosity, "He sleeps well."

The funeral took place last Saturday in the church of St. Louis d'Antin, and is thus described by the writer already quoted:—

"The various detachments of the garrison selected to pay the last military honours to the deceased began to move from their quarters at eleven o'clock, and shortly after that hour took up position in the Rue Caumartin and the other approaches to the church. The detachments were taken from the 45th and 85th of the Line, with a battalion of Foot Chasseurs; at their head rode General de la Charrière, with his staff. The cortege left the General's residence, 29, Rue de Londres, at half-past eleven, and reached the church a few minutes past twelve. It was opened by a detachment of the Chasseurs of Vincennes, followed by two troops of Hussars, four companies of Infantry carrying their colours, ridged with shot and bearing the word 'Sebastopol.'

The eagles surmounting them were veiled with crape, and the drums were muffled. Two mourning carriages followed for the officiating clergyman and his assistants, and then came the hearse, surmounted at each corner with tricoloured flags intermingled with lofty black plumes. The General's sword and military decorations were laid on a velvet cushion, which was borne after the chief mourner—General Cavaignac, the uncle of the deceased. The ends of the pall were held by MM. Goudchaux, Bastide, Guinaud, Bayard, and de Foissy. The friends of the deceased next followed—they were very numerous, and among them were a few working men in their blouses; then came the General's private carriage and eight mourning coaches. When the hearse turned into the Rue Caumartin from the Rue St. Lazare, the curé of the church of St. Louis d'Antin, accompanied by his clergy, issued out in procession, and received the body at the church door, while a funeral symphony was executed by the military bands. After the usual prayers at the entrance, the coffin was placed on the catafalque before the high altar, and the military hat, sword, and star were deposited on a cushion of black velvet by its side. Among the persons who stood by the catafalque were MM. Odier (father-in-law of the deceased), Odilon Barrot, Dufaure, Piscatori, Crémieux, and a considerable number of political and literary celebrities. Mass was celebrated by the curé of the parish, and the solemn music was executed alternately by the choir and organ and the military band. After the absolution was pronounced, the body was again placed in the hearse, and the cortege, preceded by a squadron of Hussars, and followed by the detachments of infantry already mentioned, proceeded to the cemetery of Montmartre, the burial-place of the family. The streets in the neighbourhood were crowded with people, and the windows were thronged. A troop of the mounted Paris Guards, and several squads of Sergeants de Ville, kept the passage clear, and their exertions prevented confusion in the narrow thoroughfares. All was conducted with order and regularity, though the crowd who accompanied the hearse to the gates of the cemetery could hardly have been less than 15,000. A small portion only of the cortege was admitted inside. Most of those forming it were well-dressed persons, apparently merchants and shopkeepers. It was remarked that there were at least six times as many of the Republican party present at the funeral of Godfrey Cavaignac, the General's brother, who died in Paris not long before the revolution of 1848. Every one expected to see an Imperial carriage in the train, but I could perceive none. As the hearse passed slowly along, every hat was raised, and the spectators often remained bareheaded until it was out of sight.

"When the coffin was deposited in the tomb, and the prayers for the dead were recited, the troops fired over the grave of the departed soldier, and paid the other military honours usual on such occasions. No address was spoken. The troops soon returned to their quarters, and in less than an hour the streets through which the cortege passed resumed their ordinary appearance.

"In addition to the names I have already mentioned, the following were also present at the funeral ceremony:—MM. Dufaure, De Vatry, Senard, Carnot, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, Bethmont, Buech, Bixio, Achille de Vaulabelle, Taschereau, Jeanron, Lanjuinais, Corbon, Devinc, Bisset, Alexandre Dumas, Haivin, Louis Jourdan, Dumont, Boniface, Duras, Thomas, Hequet, Forgues, Haurean, Degouge-Dunanques, Edmond, Adam, Jules Simon, Chatard, Ducoux (former Prefect of Police), Trouvé-Chauvel, Laluyé, Bertholon, Morellet, Pesager, Aubert (former Prefect of Corsica), Ambert, Jean Reynaud, Pelletan, Hervé, Hippolyte Belloc, A. Rex."

At the Emperor's desire, the deceased received the honours of a General of Division in active service, and as if he had commanded in chief at the moment of his death. A cast of the head has been taken by the sculptor Jeanron, and a portrait of the ex-Dictator will, it is said, be placed in the picture-gallery at Versailles. It appears that some communication took place between the police and the relatives of the General with reference to the nature of the speeches at the grave; and it may have been owing to this that none were delivered.

Eugène Cavaignac was born in Paris on October 15th, 1802, and had therefore just completed his fifty-fifth year at the time of his death. It has been said that the family is of Irish extraction, and that the name was originally Kavanagh; but there is a tendency on the part of the sister island to claim every continental celebrity as remotely connected with herself. The late General was the son of Jean Baptiste Cavaignac, a member of the Convention during the first French Revolution, and a brother of Godfrey Cavaignac, also a staunch Republican, who was distinguished in connexion with the Revolutionary party during the early years of the reign of Louis Philippe. Having received a military education, Eugène was appointed in 1824 to the 2nd Regiment of Engineers. He served in the Morea in 1828, and in 1830, on the breaking out of the revolution of July, his regiment was quartered at Arras, the birthplace of Robespierre. He was one of the first among his brother officers to declare for the new order of things. In 1831, he was at Metz, and signed the project of the National Association, for which

he was placed on half-pay, but was restored to the service in 1832, and sent with his regiment to Algeria. Here he greatly distinguished himself against the Kabyles, and gradually rose in his profession. Ill health compelled him in 1840 to return to France, and, at his own request, he was a second time placed on half-pay. His health being restored, he solicited a return to active service. Again appointed to a post in Africa, he once more earned a brilliant name in connexion with the French operations against the Arabs; and in 1844 he was named General of Brigade and Governor of the province of Oran. The Provisional Government of 1848 raised him to the rank of General of Division, and named him Governor of Algeria. The Executive Commission of Five having been formed, he accepted an offer previously made to him, through the influence of his brother's friend, Armand Marrast, of the post of Minister of War; and accordingly returned to France. In June, 1848, the well-known insurrection broke out, and to Cavaignac fell the task of suppressing it. He has been accused of acting with dilatoriness at first; but, however that may have been, he finally quelled the rising by an immense exhibition of military power, and by a masterly direction of the movements of his troops. Regarding the insurrection as a veritable civil war, he acted as against an enemy in the field; drove the insurgents from post to post; and regained possession of the whole of Paris after three days' hard fighting. Cavaignac was then made Dictator, and was armed with absolute power. This he used with a sternness which, though necessary under the circumstances, alienated from him the more extreme of the revolutionists. He imprisoned and transported thousands without trial; but the punishment of death was not inflicted, as that had been abolished for political offences by the Republic. Hard labour for life, however, was decreed in a great number of cases; the press was suspended; and France passed from a state of extreme liberty to one of military despotism. The approaching election for the office of President found Cavaignac one of the candidates; but he only obtained 1,500,000 votes, while Louis Napoleon, to the surprise of the world, won 5,500,000. After the latter had taken the oath, he complimented General Cavaignac on the loyalty of his character, and on his high sense of duty, as evinced in his quietly resigning the position of an absolute Dictator, in obedience to the will of the people. The new President then descended from the tribune, and offered his hand to the General, who took it, though but coldly. On the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, Cavaignac was one of the arrested Generals, but was soon set at liberty. He afterwards married Mademoiselle Odier; was elected to the Legislative Corps in 1852, but refused to take the oath; and remained in privacy till the elections last June and July, when he was twice elected, by a very large majority, for one of the departments of the Seine, thus defeating the Government candidates. He has lived in great privacy since the events of December, 1851, and has refrained from expressing any very precise opinions with reference to politics; consequently, some speculation has been excited as to whether he would or would not have taken the oath on the meeting of the new Legislative Chambers; but those who are best informed state confidently that he would have acted again as he did in 1852.

The thorough Republicanism of Cavaignac has been doubted by some, on account of his serving the Government of Louis Philippe for so many years; but his conduct since 1848 shows that his democratical opinions were firmly fixed, and he even once, in a committee of the Legislative Chamber, went so far as to say that the Republic is superior to the will of the people, and may be enforced in defiance of it. He was a brave, honest, honourable, and kind-hearted man; and his death has removed another obstacle to the supremacy of Napoleon, and another hope from those who desire to see the re-establishment of the Republic in France.

IRELAND.

DR. WALSH AND THE PATRIOTIC FUND.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns has sent a reply to an invitation to attend the Carlow meeting to assist the sufferers in India, in which he refers to the accusations which have recently been made against the administration of the Patriotic Fund. While expressing great horror at the atrocities committed by the Sepoys, and sympathy with the sufferers from the revolt, he thinks that the Irish Roman Catholics would be more likely to contribute largely to the fund if guarantees were given that the money now collected will be fairly distributed.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.—Monsieur François Maria Charbonelle, Bishop of Toronto, Upper Canada, passed through Kilkenny a few days ago; celebrated mass at the chapel of the Capuchin convent; and, in a subsequent address, exhorted the people to remain in Ireland if they possibly could, as the misery of the Irish in America is almost incredible.

PRESSURE ON THE IRISH BANKS.—There has been something of a run for gold on the Waterford banks, but the demands were promptly met.

STATE OF TIPPERARY.—Agrarian outrages are again being committed in Tipperary. On the night of the 28th ult., some ruffians went to the house of John Hackett, a person employed on the lands of Mr. Matthew R. Gabbett, of Dublin, who some years ago purchased the ground in the Encumbered Estates Court, and fired through the window. The contents of the gun (broken nails) passed through the closed shutters, and fell harmlessly near Hackett, his wife, and a neighbour, who were sitting by the fire.

A FAMILY POISONED.—A man and his wife and child, living at Bilboe, about seven miles from Carlow, were discovered on the morning of the 30th ult. suffering from the effects of arsenical poisoning. The wife is expected to die; the husband is still in a precarious state; but the child is recovering. It is suspected that the poison was wilfully administered by another person.

THE ORANGE SOCIETY.—Lord Duncannon, the Grand Master of the Antrim Orange Lodge, has made a very indignant speech, at a recent meeting of the Lodge, with reference to the letter of the Chancellor condemnatory of those Justices of the Peace who are connected with the Association. His Lordship hints at resistance, and advises a petition to the Queen.—The Grand Lodge of Ireland met on Tuesday, and appointed a committee to take the Chancellor's letter and other subjects bearing on the prospects of Orangism into serious consideration.

OUTRAGE IN MEATH.—Mr. Richard Connell, of Robinstown, while returning from service last Sunday morning in a car, with his mother and sister, was attacked by a party of ruffians, beaten about the head with sticks and whips loaded in the handle, and almost murdered. His mother was also a good deal hurt in endeavouring to save her son; but the sister was untouched. The miscreants escaped.

SUDDEN DEATH OF LORD CHARLES BUTLER.—Lord Charles Wandesforde Butler has died suddenly of apoplexy, in his thirty-eighth year, at the residence of his mother, the Dowager Marchioness of Ormond, at Marley, Rathfarnham.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES MORRISON.—A man who was not only a millionaire, but a millionaire nearly four times over, departed this life on the afternoon of Friday week. James Morrison, one of the merchant princes of London, was a native of Hampshire, though the family was of Scotch descent, and was born about 1790. Coming to London in early life, he was employed as a warehouse assistant at very low wages; but in time he secured a partnership in the Fore-street business of the late Mr. Todd, whose daughter he married. He rapidly advanced in wealth, chiefly by the principle of 'small profits and quick returns,' which he was the first to introduce. He speculated in many things and in many directions, and was almost always successful. He was likewise a large purchaser of land, in several English counties, as well as at Islay, Scotland, and was an admirable agriculturist. The Liberal party in politics always reckoned him as a faithful and enthusiastic member, and he has sat in Parliament for several boroughs. Though a self-educated man, he had an excellent taste in literature and art. He made several speeches in Parliament on the subject of railways; and these were collected into a volume, and are mentioned by Mr. McCulloch, in his 'Literature of Political Economy,' as having done the public good service. In 1846, he succeeded in obtaining the memorable select committee for better promoting and securing in Railway Acts the interests of the public. His wealth and estates are said to be equitably distributed among the members of his large family; and it is stated that his far-seeing sagacity has prevented the likelihood of the amount being diminished by the recent American panic. For the last few years of his life, however—strange comment on the value of wealth!—Mr. Morrison was under the impression that he should die in poverty; and his friends were obliged to invent a fiction of employing him in agricultural work, and paying him wages!

ACCIDENTS AND SUDDEN DEATHS.

MR. WILLIAM T. SHAW, of Shawbrook, near Forshall, Longford, has accidentally shot himself. He was out with a friend, and, in passing through a hedge, turned the muzzle towards himself, so as not to endanger his companion. The trigger caught in a twig, and in another moment Mr. Shaw was dead. He was in his fortieth year, and has left a family of five young girls.

A melancholy accident, which occurred during the passage home from Quebec of her Majesty's steam-frigate Vulcan, has deprived the service of a gallant and rising young officer—Ensign R. N. Luard—who, while in his cabin on the 27th ult., was thrown by the rolling of the vessel into a passage below, dislocating his neck. Death was instantaneous. His remains were committed to the deep on the 28th with military honours.

Four of the carriages belonging to a train on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway ran off the rails on Tuesday morning, the engine keeping the track at the points leading to the Mottram Viaduct. At

the place of the accident, a new crossing was being put in, and the signalman, who in cases of repairs and renewals is stationed eight hundred yards beyond the point at which the men are at work, neglected to give the proper caution to the driver of the train, who consequently went over the incomplete part of the road at the average speed of thirty miles an hour, instead of at half-speed. No one was injured, and the passengers were sent on by another train. The end of one carriage and the side of another were broken against the parapet.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

FRANCE.

"The report of the Minister of Finance," says the *Journal des Actionnaires*, "indicates that measures are about to be concerted between the Government, the Bank, and the railway companies relative to the bonds to be issued by the latter. We are assured that these measures consist in the Bank advancing to the companies sums more or less important on the deposit of their bonds, and that it will afterwards issue the bonds at the time and under the conditions which may appear most opportune. It is said that the Government will authorize the Bank to employ for the advantage of the companies the sum of 59,000,000 fr., which, it is said, are at its disposition under the treaty made with the Bank."

ITALY.

The telegraphic communication between Africa and Spartaivento, in Sardinia, is now perfect. The Modenese official paper announces the cessation of the Austro-Modenese Customs League at the end of October.

The Prince and Princess de Joinville are now travelling in Naples.

Many Milan families are reduced to great distress by the failure of Ballabio, who has absconded.

Count Giuseppe Siccardi, the distinguished jurist, died at Turin on the 29th ult.

The court at Salerno, charged with the trial of the persons concerned in the insurrectionary attempt at Sapri, has thrown out the bill of indictment against eleven of those who were arrested; namely, against some who had belonged to the crew of the steam-boat Cagliari. They have consequently been set at liberty. The captain of the steam-boat and several of the crew still remain in prison.

SWITZERLAND.

"All the elections for the Grand Council," says a despatch from Berne, "are now known, except those for the canton of the Grisons. The general result will not change in any respect the federal policy. A small number of nominations which have remained undecided will necessitate a fresh election. M. Barman, formerly Envoy to France, has been returned in the Valais."

The tunnel of the Haunstein has just been at last cut through. The Central Swiss Railway will, therefore, soon be relieved from the unfinished piece which impeded the relations with Zurich, Lucerne, and Berne.

AUSTRIA.

A stamp of one kreutzer (not quite a half-penny) has been imposed on each copy of the Austrian political organs of the press. The same stamp duty is also to be levied on all foreign political papers which may cross the Austrian frontier. Advertisement sheets, not forming part of a periodical, are likewise to pay one kreutzer stamp duty. It is calculated that the revenue will thus be raised about 600,000fl. a year; but there is no doubt that the great object is still further to restrict the liberty of the press.

Horrible accounts are given of the atrocities committed by the Hungarian brigands, who not only rob but torture their victims. Very little is done by the authorities to check them.

M. Guttman, a commission agent at Pesth, absconded on the 22nd ult., leaving behind him debts to the amount of about 10,000fl.

GERMANY.

The affair of Holstein has been referred to a Commission at Frankfurt. Hanover has demanded that the provisions of the constitution of Holstein, in so far as they may be opposed to the federal law, shall be declared not obligatory, if Denmark persist in supporting them. This demand has also been referred to the Commission.

PRUSSIA.

The King continues to recover health, and on the afternoon of Thursday week he was able for the first time to go out into the open air. Leaning on the arm of the Queen, he walked for some few minutes on the terrace of Sans Souci. This he has since repeated.

SERVIA.

With reference to the conspiracy recently detected, the semi-official *Srbake Novine* publicly accuses the ex-Hospodar Milosch of being concerned in it, observing, "During the examination of the persons arrested, it was proved that some of the conspirators had received money from Prince Milosch. His plenipotentiary, Dr. Patzel, brought 5000 ducats here, and 1000 of them were given to the hired assassin." The general opinion at Belgrade is said to be that the Russians had nothing to do with the plot.

BELGIUM.

The ministers tendered their resignations on Saturday.

Until the meeting of the Chambers, they will hold their offices *ad interim*.

SWEDEN.

The debate upon the bill which had been laid before the Four Estates of the realm in the Swedish Diet, and the object of which was to efface from the legislative code certain penalties upon religious dissent, has just terminated in the rejection of the bill.

TURKEY.

It is reported in Paris that M. de Thouvenot, the French Ambassador at Constantinople, has suspended his relations with Redschid Pacha, though not with the Government. Louis Napoleon is said to be greatly enraged at the failure of his plans with respect to the Danubian Principalities; and neither the Turkish nor Austrian Ambassador has been invited to take part in the festivities at Compiègne.

OUR CIVILIZATION.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

ROBERT THOMAS DAVIS, a carpenter, aged forty, was tried last Saturday for the murder of his wife. The facts have already appeared in these columns, and may be briefly recapitulated. Davis was a man of drunken habits, and on the 6th of October he and his wife had been spending the day at public-houses. On going home at night, the man was intoxicated, and picked a quarrel with the woman, whom he abused in unmeasured language. He then locked her and the child into the bedroom, and cut her throat, notwithstanding her screams and those of the child. Other inmates of the same house were roused, and found Mrs. Davis in the passage with her throat cut, and her husband with the razor in his hand, and himself splashed with blood. He gave himself up with an air of bravado, adding that he was a happy man, and was ready to die for what he had done. On the road to the station-house, he said "it couldn't be helped; it was all done in a moment." But, after he had been in custody some time, he exclaimed, on hearing that his wife was dead, "Good God! a better wife never walked on English ground." He also twice said he did not do it. The defence was that he was so intoxicated that he did not clearly know what he was about, and that consequently the crime only amounted to manslaughter. The Judge, however, ruled to the contrary, and the jury found Davis guilty of murder. On being asked if he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed, he replied, "I loved my wife and child too dearly to deprive either of them of life, but my senses were destroyed by the liquor I had taken. I loved her too well to hurt a hair of her head if I had been in my senses." He was then condemned to death. On hearing this, Davis trembled violently, and seemed to endure great mental anguish.

Alexander Moody, shoemaker, was tried the same day for the manslaughter of his wife. The only direct witness was a Mrs. Appleton, who it appears had led Mrs. Moody into drunken habits; and it seems that, on the night when the injuries were received, Mrs. Moody was intoxicated, having been out drinking with the other woman. Mrs. Appleton lived in the next room, and she swears that she heard a quarrel, and blows struck. The next morning, Mrs. Moody was found much bruised and in an insensible state. She was ultimately taken to the hospital, and died there in rather less than a fortnight from the night when the contusions were received. Her husband was not then suspected; but, after the death and burial, Mrs. Appleton (who had hitherto been quiet on the subject) so frequently annoyed Moody by calling after him in the streets that he had murdered his wife, that he summoned her before a magistrate, and she was fined forty shillings. She then made some statements to the police, who, without consulting a magistrate (a course highly condemned by the Judge), apprehended Moody, and he was committed. It was now stated by an inspector of police that he had stationed himself in the room occupied by Mrs. Appleton, while a constable was placed in the next room, and that he could not hear his voice unless when it was elevated to the utmost. When Mrs. Moody was in the hospital, Mrs. Appleton brought spirits in to her, contrary to the rules of the house. Moody and his wife had been married fifteen years, and had lived happily until the woman took to drinking. Under all these circumstances, Moody was acquitted.

Two Irishmen, named O'Brien, have been found guilty of a savage attack on a policeman near Chelsea-bridge, on the 23rd of August. They were assisted by some women, who held the constable while the men subjected him to such injuries that he was nearly killed; and the two O'Briens afterwards confessed to some other policemen who opportunely came up that, had they not been interrupted, they would have killed their victim, and thrown him over. They were sentenced to three years' hard labour.

John Bentley has been tried on a charge of feloniously assaulting Sarah Catherine Harding, a deaf and dumb woman, thirty years of age. Her evidence was interpreted to the court by Mr. Downing, the secretary to the Deaf and Dumb Institution. For the defence, Wil-

names were called, who proved that the woman was of light character, and Bentley was accordingly Acquitted. John Brooks, Caroline Richardson, and Harriet Peech, have been tried on the charge of burglary at a public-house at Peckham, of which the particulars have already appeared in this paper. The last named was Acquitted; the others were found Guilty, and sentenced—Brooks to six years' penal servitude, and Richardson to a year's hard labour.

Joseph Holder, a soldier, pleaded Guilty to a charge of embezzling the sum of 1138*l.* 10*s.*, the property of the Queen. He was sentenced to a year's hard labour.

David Roden and David Day, who had pleaded Guilty to stealing letters, the property of the Postmaster-General, were brought up, and severally sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Charles Stewart Mills, who had been convicted of uttering a forged order for 250*l.*, was brought up, and sentenced to six years' penal servitude.

Thomas Cross, picture-dealer, has been found Guilty of the charge of obtaining from Henry Fitzpatrick, another picture-dealer, bills to the value of 180*l.*, by selling a copy of a picture by Linnell for an original, and also of the charge of uttering the same picture with intent to defraud. Sentence was postponed.

Di Salvi was brought up for judgment on Monday. The only alteration in his original sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude is, that it will date from the present session instead of from that during which he was first convicted.—José de Rosario, a Spanish seaman, received the same sentence for a similar crime.—Bridget Kavanagh, also convicted of manslaughter, was condemned to hard labour for six months.

James Driscoll, a boy of ten, was tried for the manslaughter of another boy at Bow on the 21st of September, by stabbing him in the breast with a knife. His counsel represented that the wound was the result of an accident; the jury adopted this view (which was consistent with the evidence); and the boy was Acquitted.

George Groundwell and Henry Rubridge were tried on a charge of manslaughter arising out of a fight for money in the Harrow fields, near Paddington. They were found Guilty, but recommended to mercy. The first of the two was sentenced to six, the latter to two months' hard labour.

SUPPOSED ROBBERY AND MURDER IN ESSEX.—Mr. Isaac Butcher, a small farmer in the village of Colne Engaine, Essex, has died suddenly under such circumstances as to lead to the suspicion that he has been murdered in the public high road at an early hour of the evening. Last Saturday morning, Mr. Butcher went to Colchester market to transact some farming business there, and, after dining in the neighbourhood, he rode part of the way home with a friend in his cart, and was put down within two or three miles of his own residence. After making several purchases, he proceeded homewards on foot, and was within a short distance of the spot where his body was afterwards discovered, when he met a man with whom he exchanged a salutation, and then passed quickly on. Presently afterwards, he met another stranger whom he likewise spoke to, but was answered by him inaudibly, and a third man, also unknown to Mr. Butcher, followed close behind the last-mentioned one. Not many minutes after this occurrence, which happened about six o'clock in the evening, Thomas Butler, gardener to the late High Sheriff of Essex, was crossing Colne-park, within fifty yards of the road, when he heard a noise resembling that of persons scuffling. As he imagined that it arose from some people who were intoxicated, he walked quietly on to the lodge-gate of the park, which he passed through and shut after him, and the loud noise it made in closing must, it is supposed, have alarmed the murderers, for Butler distinctly heard the sound of several persons' footsteps running hastily away from the spot. He hurried after them as fast as he could, as his suspicions were aroused, but he had scarcely turned the corner of the road, when he saw Mr. Butcher lying prostrate on his back by the roadside. His dress was very much disordered and pulled about, and his head was smeared with blood. Butler immediately went for assistance, but, before he returned, a cart, in which was the dead man's brother, drove up, and the body was removed to Mr. Butcher's farm-house at Colne Engaine. Medical aid was immediately obtained, but it was useless, as Mr. Butcher was quite dead. A large sum in gold and silver was missing from the pockets. A verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown has been returned by the coroner's jury.

ASSAULT ON THE POLICE.—A ferocious riot has occurred among the Irish living in Ewer-street, Graveland, Southwark, during which two policemen were seriously injured, and one of them nearly murdered. He was knocked down and kicked about the body, and his head was cut open by an earthen vessel which was thrown from a window at him. A man has been arrested, and committed for trial.

MURDER OF A POLICEMAN.—A policeman has been murdered near Stevenage, Hertfordshire, apparently while endeavouring to arrest some thieves. His head was nearly cut off. Two men are in custody.

AN IMPOSTOR.—David Rees Davies is under remand at Guildhall charged with obtaining various sums of money from benevolent persons under pretence of collecting subscriptions for charitable institutions.

INGRATITUDE.—A German publican in Commercial-street, Whitechapel, recently took a young countrywoman into his service out of charity. She soon rewarded him with robbery. On being apprehended, and brought on Thursday before the Worship-street magistrate, she pleaded Guilty, and was condemned to six months' hard labour.

SINGULAR CASE OF MANSLAUGHTER.—A child, named Sarah McCloud, has been killed at Wolverhampton in a very singular manner. A married woman, of a very violent temper, who had caused the death, a day or two before, of another person, drove her husband into the street, and threw after him a poker, which missed him rebounded from some object, and struck the child. The sharp end pierced its nostrils, and caused hemorrhage to such an extent that death ensued. The woman has been committed to prison on a charge of manslaughter.

ATTEMPTED MURDER ON BOARD SHIP.—Another case of savage ill-usage on board an American vessel has been brought forward in this country. The barque John U. Brookman, of and for New York, left Sunderland yesterday week, and was still in the roads when the captain became exasperated at one of the men complaining that they were short-handed. Seizing an axe, he cut him down, and the first mate then struck him with a belaying pin. Another man was then struck by the second mate, and, as the captain rushed at a third sailor, named Mitchell, the latter, though unable to swim, jumped overboard, and was picked up by the pilot boat, which had just parted company. The pilot, who was still on board the American vessel, became alarmed, and, hailing his own boat, which thereupon returned, dropped into it, and made for shore. Mitchell has made a statement of these facts before a magistrate. The American vessel continued on its way, and it is not known whether the man who was cut down is alive or dead.

SACRILEGE AT MANCHESTER.—Some men broke into two or three churches and chapels in Manchester last Saturday night, but only obtained part of a bottle of wine and some biscuits for their pains.

A SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST THE POLICE.—William Williams, a seaman in the American navy, though an Englishman by birth, was attacked, without any apparent provocation, last week, by two policemen in Ratcliff Highway, and was so severely injured by blows in the abdomen and head that he was afterwards taken to the Dreadnought hospital-ship off Greenwich, and there told his tale to a police-inspector. Two constables were brought before him, and he identified them; but they protested their innocence. Williams was found last Saturday to be in so dangerous a state that Mr. Selfe, the Thames magistrate, went on board the Dreadnought, and took down the man's deposition, which he gave in the avowed belief that he was about to die. Neither of the policemen is in custody, and one has got out of the way, though the inspector, covering his own remissness by a subtle distinction, said he had not absconded.—In the course of the day, Mr. Selfe, in investigating a charge of assault brought by a police-constable against a sailor boy, who in turn alleged that he was ill-used by a police-constable, which was partly confirmed, said he was very sorry to express an opinion that the police occasionally use too much violence. He added that he was speaking generally from what he heard and saw daily, and that it would be as well if constables were not quite so officious, and refrained from ill-using people. He discharged the boy.

AN INTOXICATED ADVOCATE.—A strange scene took place on Tuesday at Bow-street police-court. John Kerby Richards, an attorney's clerk, was charged with forging several cheques on the London and Westminster Bank. The case was very strong against him, and he had the further misfortune of being defended by an attorney's clerk who had every appearance of being intoxicated. He frequently interrupted the witnesses; insulted them by strange observations; made preposterous mistakes; and conducted himself in so wild a manner that the magistrate interfered, and reproved him, expressing at the same time a doubt whether he had a right to be there. The advocate here handed in his authority as clerk to a solicitor in practice, and said he had been thirty-five years attending the courts. It was apparent, however, that he was intoxicated. At one time he began to cross-examine the solicitor for the prosecution instead of the witness, and at another solicited consideration for the wife and family of Mr. Collins, the principal witness for the prosecution. At a later period of the case, the prisoner took the cross-examination of a witness out of his advocate's hands, much to the indignation of the latter. Mr. Jardine here observed that he was desirous of giving every reasonable indulgence to the prisoner, who was so unfortunately defended. It was his belief that the prisoner's advocate was intoxicated. The Attorney's Clerk: "Then I must pledge my word that I have drunk nothing to-day. You have hitherto treated me with respect." Richards, the accused, said that his advocate's name was in the list of solicitors at the prison, as recommended by the visiting justices. The attorney's clerk afterwards besought Mr. Jardine to withdraw the imputation of drunkenness, adding, "I have fourteen children." Mr. Jardine, however, refused to do so. Richards was committed for trial on five cases.

BURGLARY.—Edward Jackson, an oil and colourman in Leonard-street, Shoreditch, his wife, and Charles Stedman, a ticket-of-leave man, have been charged at

Worship-street with being in possession of certain property, supposed to be part of the proceeds of a robbery at the Countess of Ellesmere's, when articles were abstracted to the value of from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.*, for the recovery of which a reward of 500*l.* has been offered. Stedman was discharged, and Jackson and his wife remanded on bail.

GAROTTE ROBBERY NEAR NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Thomas Hind, an elderly gentleman, secretary to the Nottingham Savings Bank, was robbed on Friday week, near that town, of a sum of money and a portable writing-desk. He was seized by two men, and nearly strangled. Another robbery of a similar kind has been attempted in the same city; but the ruffians were beaten off.

SUPPOSED MURDER AT BRIGHTON.—A box containing the body of a boy has been found on the beach near Brighton. An inquest has been opened, but is adjourned. It appears that the boy must have been nearly starved to death, and then struck on the left temple with a heavy blunt instrument.

STABBING CASE AT BRIGHTON.—Three French sailors are in custody at Brighton on a charge of stabbing two English labourers at a disreputable house in William-street. The labourers had ill-used the landlord, and the Frenchmen seem to have acted in his defence.

FIVE DEAD BODIES were found on Sunday in various places in and around the metropolis. They are apparently the bodies of suicides.

MURDER FROM DELIRIUM TREMENS.—Andrew O'Brien, a publican at Liverpool, has murdered his mother-in-law while in a fit of madness brought on by drink. He was subject to attacks of *delirium tremens*, and one of these appears to have come upon him while staying at the house of Mrs. Molyneux, his wife's mother, at Much Woolton, a village about six miles from Liverpool. He seems, in a sudden and uncontrollable outburst of fury, to have seized the woman by the windpipe, and to have beaten her head against the wall or floor. The bleeding body was afterwards seen partly hanging out of the window. A medical man stated at the examination before the magistrates that there were three causes of death—concussion of the brain, laceration of the windpipe, and strangulation. O'Brien, on being asked if he had anything to say, replied, in a very incoherent manner, "I shall make no statement more than that I did it under the influence that I was bound to do it. I was going about the room in a state I was never in before after drink, and I saw the pictures all round moving. I would lose my life before I would take that woman's life, that same woman. She was the same to me as my own mother, and the only woman I had in this country; my own mother-in-law in the public day." He was committed for trial. Mrs. Molyneux was the mother of O'Brien's second wife. On the death of his first wife, an inquest was held in Liverpool about two years ago. It was shown on that occasion that, after violent words had passed up-stairs, she was found in a state of insensibility, and marks of violence were discovered upon her person. O'Brien stated before the jury that his wife was addicted to drink; that on the day in question she was intoxicated; that, while exasperated at her conduct, he pushed her away, and that she fell heavily against the wall. The jury on that occasion returned a verdict of Accidental Death. O'Brien was formerly a soldier.

FALSE PRETENCES.—Joseph Martin, a miserably dressed person, describing himself as a railway contractor, residing at 45, Little Drummond-street, Euston-square, was brought up at the Clerkenwell police-office, charged with obtaining several articles of ironmongery from Mr. William Fowler, Skinner-street, Somers-town, under false pretences, and also with having attempted to defraud numerous tradesmen of goods to the amount of several thousands of pounds. The case was but partly investigated, and Martin was remanded on bail.

EVICTED BY FIRE IN SCOTLAND.—Donald Murray, a cotter in the Highlands, was, during last June, turned out of his hut, together with his sister and two motherless girls. They lived for some time in the open air, and afterwards in a cart shed; but, on its being made manifest that the Duke of Sutherland, the evicting party, had no right to the hut, a case was entered in the Court of Session, and Murray and his family again took possession of the dwelling. Thereupon, the Duke caused the hut to be set on fire, and burned to the ground.

GATHERINGS FROM THE LAW AND POLICE COURTS.

THE affairs of Mr. C. J. Mare, the shipbuilder of Blackwall, were again brought before the Bankruptcy Court last Saturday. The object was to consider a proposal on behalf of the bankrupt, under the 230th section of the Bankruptcy Consolidation Act. The proposal was 4*s.* in the pound, or 2*s.* 6*d.* in addition to the 1*s.* 6*d.* already paid, payable in a fortnight by Mr. Peter Rolt, the bankrupt's father-in-law. The act requires that the consent of nine-tenths of the creditors present in number and value be given before an order of the Court can be obtained so as to be binding on the whole body, and the bankruptcy be thereupon annulled. His Honour appointed a meeting to carry out the proposal, and annul the bankruptcy.

A meeting for proof of debts and choice of assignees in the bankruptcy of Mosley and Mosley, newagents in Catherine-street, Strand, took place last Saturday. The

claimants included the proprietors of almost every newspaper in London. The total amount of debts is said to be about 5000*l.*; the assets about 500*l.* Mr. Smith, newspaper agent of the Strand, was chosen assignee.

Mr. Frederick Reynolds, a clerk in a merchant's counting-house, and Mr. Arthur Wilson, were brought last Saturday before the Marlborough-street magistrate, charged with causing a disturbance at Her Majesty's Theatre during the performance of Jullien's Concerts. Reynolds threw money on the floor, and caused people to scramble for it, and, on being taken into custody, Wilson attempted a rescue. Reynolds was ordered to find two sureties in 50*l.* each for six months; and Wilson was fined forty shillings. Both are liable to be proceeded against for the damage caused in the theatre, and probably to indictment for causing the riot.

M. Henry Laurent, musician, and his wife, both fashionably dressed, and the latter in a high state of ball-room elegance, were placed before the same magistrate on a charge of being drunk and disorderly the previous night in Rupert-street. As they left, a fine of 5*s.* each having been inflicted, they turned aside their heads, apparently desirous as soon as possible of avoiding observation, and Mr. Bingham told them that with all that finery they might well be ashamed of themselves.

Monday being the first day of Michaelmas term, the various law courts reopened, but little business of special interest was transacted. Mr. Simpson, the proprietor of Cremorne, obtained in the Court of Queen's Bench a rule nisi calling upon a Mr. Carter to show cause why he should not answer to certain interrogatories with reference to some alleged slanderous observations of his spoken at a meeting of the vestry board at Chelsea, to the effect that Cremorne has a tendency to corrupt the morals of youth. The defendant had obtained the leave of a Judge to plead Not Guilty, and also a plea of justification, and he applied to the Judge that he might be allowed to propound interrogatories to the plaintiff; but it was objected on the part of the latter, by his attorney, that the answers to the proposed interrogatories would tend to criminate him, and were objectionable upon that ground. In consequence of this objection, the Judge referred the question to the Court. Lord Campbell said there was no objection to putting the questions, and that that was not the stage for taking the objections. The questions, it appears, suggest that, with Mr. Simpson's knowledge, prostitutes had been allowed on his premises the whole night.

Mr. Commissioner Holroyd gave judgment on Tuesday in the Court of Bankruptcy in the case of Sadgrove the Younger and Ragg, upholsterers, with reference to whom some extraordinary facts came out on a previous meeting, as related in the *Leader* of October 24th. His Honour severely condemned the conduct of the bankrupts, more especially that of Ragg, whose certificate was refused, while it was directed that the certificate of Sadgrove the Younger (who, though so designated, is old and infirm) be suspended for two years from the day of the application, and that, when issued, it be of the third class. Protection will be granted in the latter case.

The affairs of the Metropolitan Bread Company (Limited) were before Mr. Commissioner Foulke on Tuesday. The object of the company was to supply the public with unadulterated bread; the capital was 20,000*l.*, in shares of 1*l.* each, to be paid in instalments or calls of 5*s.* a share, with power to increase. The meeting on Tuesday was for proof of debts. It was stated during the proceedings that Mr. Molledeu, one of the directors, has been convicted of forgery on the previous day—a statement to which only a qualified denial was given; and that the company is now offering a composition of 5*s.* in the pound to its creditors.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

THE NIAGARA AT PLYMOUTH.—The officers of the United States steam frigate Niagara, Captain Hudson, which was engaged with other vessels in the unsuccessful attempt, last August, to lay the submarine telegraph between Ireland and America, gave at Plymouth, a few days ago, a public ball and supper at Bate's Hotel to various English and American ladies and gentlemen. The rooms were tastefully decorated; the English and American flags were twined in friendly union; the ensign of Prussia was also combined with that of England, in allusion to the approaching marriage of the Princess Royal; and, for a reason of a similar nature, the emblems of Austria and Belgium were grouped together. Various other flags were displayed; but the most significant decoration consisted of three stars, red, blue, and white, composed of swords and bayonets, with these words beneath:—"Let there be peace between me and thee, between my people and thy people; for we are brethren." Above was an arch bearing thirty-one gas burners, each shade exhibiting the name of one of the American States; below were three other burners, ornamented with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, corresponding with three at the other end of the room, on which were engraved the words England, Scotland, and Ireland. Several of the neighbouring nobility and gentry, with the heads of the naval and military departments, were present; and the evening passed off cordially and brilliantly.

THE LATE GALE ON THE EASTERN COAST.—The full extent of the damage inflicted on the shipping on the eastern coast by the late gale is only just coming to

light. At Bacton, on the Norfolk shore, a brig was wrecked and the crew were drowned. At Mundesley, a barque, name unknown, was also lost, and the crew of ten men were drowned, one dying soon after he had succeeded in reaching the shore. The schooner Mary Ann, Kirk, master, came into collision with the schooner Brothers off Lowestoft, and the latter vessel sank. The brig Premium, Bennett, master, of Sunderland, from Seaham for Nieuwediep, sustained immense injuries in her sails, masts, &c., and at one time the vessel lay helpless in the trough of the sea, so that it was expected she would become a total wreck; she was fortunately assisted, however, into Lowestoft harbour. The Lord Farnham sank in Lowestoft North Roads, and the Frederick, of Sunderland, foundered off Corton; the crews were saved and have been forwarded to their homes by the Shipwrecked Mariners Society.

LADY FRANKLIN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Sir John Barrow communicates to the *Times* a letter from Captain McClintock, the commander of the Lady Franklin Arctic Expedition. It is mainly written from the yacht Fox, lat. 71 degs., off Cape Cranston; but the postscript was penned while off Uppernavik. Both portions are dated August 6th. Everything had gone well up to that time. An Esquimaux was on board, as well as thirty fine dogs. The captain adds that the vessel "is complete with coals, having filled up at the coal cliffs in Waigat Strait. I have sent home one of my crew, who proved to be consumptive, and, having proved the others pretty well, I can answer for their soundness and willing cheerfulness. We get on admirably—exactly as in the old Intrepid. At Lively I saw two whaler captains, whose ships were crushed in Melville Bay last June. They seemed to think I should not experience any difficulty. I cannot find that we have forgotten anything, great as was the hurry of sailing. We are very comfortable; our provisions are most excellent. The Fox sails well, but steams slowly in consequence of the screw being too small. As she gets lighter, she will go better. I have tried her among the ice, and find that her sharp bow readily opens a passage where a bluff one would knock in vain."

A CHANNEL FLEET.—From the activity displayed in preparing for the steam reserve, the screw line-of-battle ships Duke of Wellington, Marlborough, and Royal Sovereign three-deckers, and the Victor Emmanuel, Caesar, Algiers, and Hannibal two-deckers, at Portsmouth, it is supposed that a Channel fleet or squadron of evolution is to be commissioned in the early part of the ensuing year. The Caesar and Hannibal are very forward in their equipments.

ESCAPE OF A SOLDIER FROM CUSTODY.—Cornelius O'Brien, a private of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, who was adjudged to receive fifty lashes, and afterwards to undergo a term of imprisonment, for having robbed one of his comrades, and for other acts of theft, was found to have absconded from the guard-room of Chatham Garrison on the morning when the corporal punishment was to have been inflicted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COURT.—The Court continues at Windsor. No events of importance have occurred during the present week.

THE WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE.—All the various classes in connexion with this college were reopened for the winter term on the evening of Thursday week.

ENGLISH NAMES ABROAD.—The London correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, alluding to the speeches of our public men in India, refers to 'General Keating, a man of little political importance, whose opinion carries with it no great weight.' He means the Solicitor-General!

THE CHAPEL OF HARROW SCHOOL.—The Bishop of London consecrated the new chapel of Harrow School last Sunday.

THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CAWNPORE.—A great many persons have responded, apparently with much earnestness, to the suggestion made by a correspondent of the *Times*, and quoted in this paper last week, that a church should be erected over the well at Cawnpore into which the bodies of our massacred countrywomen and their children were thrown. The writer of the original letter has written again to say that he hopes the undertaking will not be prosecuted in any sectarian spirit, and that, if the edifice be devoted to the forms of the Church of England, the ministry will be that of Heber and of Henry Martyn. If the enterprise be conducted by extreme men in a sectarian spirit, it will fail, or ought to do so. "I make this remark," continues Mr. Christopherson, "because of an announcement that has appeared in the *Times* to the effect that one society, ordinarily identified with extreme ecclesiastical views, has proposed to receive subscriptions and give a body to the idea. I say, no. Let not any one society have the entire management of a great national work like this. Let the erection be as national as the Mutiny Fund, and then let the appointment to the incumbency lie with the present bishops of the Indian dioceses, or, better still, with good Dr. Wilson alone." These stipulations are highly necessary and proper, under the circumstances; but, if they could come to the knowledge of Hindoos and Mahometans, what a comment they would suggest on our national Christianity! They have led to a good

many letters in reply, and something of a squabbling spirit seems to be rising.

HEALTH OF LONDON.—The deaths registered in London rose from 988 in the preceding week to 1047 in the week that ended last Saturday. The deaths of males were 531, those of females 516. In the ten years 1847-56, the average number of deaths in the week corresponding with last week was 1008; but to admit of comparison with the deaths of last week, when population had increased, the average must be raised proportionally to the increase, in which case it will become 1109. The deaths now returned were, therefore, fewer by 62 than would have occurred if the average rate of mortality had ruled. In the present returns, typhus (common fever being included under this head in the table) numbers more deaths than any other zymotic disease, and scarlatina shows an almost equal number. To the two diseases 56 and 53 deaths respectively are referred. The deaths from diarrhoea are now reduced to 81; of these, 13 occurred in the south districts, only one in the west. Three deaths are returned as caused by cholera and 'choleraic diarrhoea or fever.'—Last week, the births of 921 boys and 864 girls, in all 1785 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1847-56, the average number was 1467.—From the Registrar-General's Weekly Return.

MR. BELLEW'S LECTURES ON INDIA.—On Thursday next, November 12th, the Rev. J. M. Bellew will repeat in Exeter Hall the lecture on India, for the benefit of the Indian Fund, which was attended with so great interest on Monday evening last.

GUY FAWKES DAY.—The boys of London have taken our hint, and on Thursday gibbeted and burnt Nana Sahib as the Guido Fawkes of the year.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S TRIENNIAL VISITATION.—The Bishop of Oxford commenced his triennial visitation of the diocese on Wednesday. He spoke with satisfaction of the spread of religion and education, and the progress of church-building. With respect to the general run of sermons, he said that, with much soundness, moderation, and exactness, they have the fault—the unpardonable fault to listeners—of dulness.

FURTHER PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.—At a Council held at Windsor on Wednesday, it was ordered that the Parliament, which stands prorogued to Friday, the 6th of November, be further prorogued to Thursday, the 17th of December. The formal ceremony of reading the Royal Commission to both Houses was gone through yesterday by the Lord Chancellor.

OPERA BUFFA, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Next Tuesday will see the inauguration at the St. James's Theatre of a short season of Italian Comic Opera, introducing a novelty in the shape of a veritable Neapolitan Puleciello in his mask. *La Columella* is the opera for the opening night. The house has been entirely renovated.

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.—Sir John Pakington has addressed a letter to a Worcestershire newspaper, denying the justice of the attacks made by Mr. Aclm, a Roman Catholic gentleman, at the recent county meeting, on the administration of the Patriotic Fund.

THE MAIN DRAINAGE OF THE METROPOLIS.—Mr. John Thwaites, chairman; Mr. Bazalgette, chief engineer; and Mr. Woolrych, clerk of the Metropolitan Board of Works, waited on Thursday upon Sir Benjamin Hall, at the Office of Works, to present a statement of the reasons why the Metropolitan Board of Works could not sanction the plan sent to them and recommended by the referees to whom had been referred their own plan (B*) for the main drainage of the metropolis. After considerable discussion, Sir Benjamin Hall said he thought the best course would be for them to nominate two gentlemen of the board to be associated with their engineer, to meet their referees, and to go into the thing in a good spirit. The deputation then withdrew.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, November 7.
TURKEY.

M. DE PROKESCH has had two conferences with Redschid Pacha and Aali Pacha on the affairs of Servia, Albania, and the Principalities.

GREECE.

The Queen of Greece arrived at Athens on October 28th. The Greek Chambers will be opened on November 13th, and prorogued immediately afterwards for six weeks.

THE REINFORCEMENTS FOR INDIA.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer Sultan arrived at Southampton yesterday morning from the Mediterranean. She took out troops to Alexandria for India, through Egypt, the beginning of last month. She brings news that Major Collingwood, of the 21st Regiment, and formerly of the Crimean Transport Corps, and Captain Maycock, of the 14th Regiment, have been ordered to proceed to Alexandria from Malta, to assist Colonel Pocklington in the conveyance of troops through Egypt.

THE NIAGARA left for America yesterday morning.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications unavoidably stand over.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted, it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

No notice can be taken of anonymous correspondence. Whatsoever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

The Leader.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT IN INDIA.

THE infinitely varied judgments elicited by the Sepoy mutiny have brought out one distinct result:—that public opinion insists upon the Government of India being conducted for the future upon English—or Christian—principles. Lord SHAFTESBURY gave a clear and pointed expression to this view when he said that we must explicitly declare ourselves a Christian Power, while scrupulously abstaining from even the slightest interference with the native religions. The missionary must be free to preach, but the Hindoo and the Mahomedan must be free to reject his doctrine and exercise their own modes of worship. It is no longer to be tolerated that British soldiers or officials should take part in Pagan processions, or that acts amounting to criminality should be condoned simply because they plead a sacred origin. If we are to remain masters of India, we must prove our mastery, and never shrink from its unmistakable assertion. In the East, however, the maxims of our jurisprudence cannot be made universally applicable without infringing upon very ancient, if not holy prejudices and customs. It becomes, then, a question, how far the English law should be enforced in a region where offences against humanity and decency claim the sanction of divinities, priests, and prophets. We hold that there is but one rule to apply:—whatever licenses an injury to life, or property, or public manners, must succumb to the superior polity of a supreme race. All sacrifices in the nature of Suttee are murders; infanticide is murder; the oblation of virgin blood to Kali is murder; Thuggee is felony; torture is felony; the prerogative of death-punishment belongs exclusively to the sovereign authority, and any lord of an Indian castle inflicting it is an assassin. These are points which we cannot abandon without abandoning our national character and our only moral title to the dominion we have acquired. From this time forth, the British Indian Government should be so fortified and assured of its ascendancy that it may be enabled to subordinate every habit, tradition, code, and creed within its territories to the operation of one consistent and inflexible principle. It is as well that no misunderstanding on the subject should continue to exist. At the same time, no one is qualified to discuss the question who does not allow that the work is difficult of achievement, and that what has already been effected is most meritorious and surprising. The tenacity of Asiatics is insuperable, except to the most patient of reformers, and it must be borne in

mind that the deformed fragments of a villainous judicial system were inherited by the English from the Brahmins and the Moguls. It was not until 1791 that the Governor-General expunged from the practice of the Court the penalty of mutilation, ordaining varying terms of transportation as equivalent for the loss of one limb or two. But what did WARREN HASTINGS accomplish when, in a fit of furious justice, he authorized the immediate execution of every individual whatever convicted of being associated in the most distant manner with the dacoits of the interior? It was not DRACO who could have regenerated India. So late as 1830 the Government was compelled to issue a circular to the magistrates of the Bengal Presidency ordering them not to hamstring convicts before execution. Even in 1851 it was found necessary, in the North-Western Provinces, to prohibit the clipping and shaving the sacred locks of Sikh prisoners. A ferocious criminal law, however, was not a European importation, but the ancient curse of a people indifferent to human life.

We say it is a work of labour and patience to eradicate these practices. The Rajpoot boast used to be that England, with all her power, dared not interfere with the disposal of his infant children; yet it is not courage but dexterity that is required. Our courts at home find infanticide one of the most difficult crimes to repress and the most painful to punish. In the East, however, it is an art. The new-born infant imbibes opium that has been applied to its mother's nipple; the fumes of the drug are introduced into its mouth. Or else, with a species of diabolical ingenuity, the babe is suffocated before it has drawn a second breath, and detection becomes all but impossible. The Rajpoots are more proficient in this respect even than the Chinese. No Cornelian law could at once obliterate this disgrace to their nation. Nevertheless, what has been done with infanticide has demonstrated the efficacy of European influence steadily pressed upon the natives. Many a Hindoo who despises the law respects the magistrate; he may be governed by a man if not by a code. This remark originated with Mr. RAIKES, of Myspoorie, who gave it a practical illustration by the admirable results he worked out among the Chohans of his district. In 1843, there was not a single female infant alive within his jurisdiction; in 1850 there were fourteen hundred. The English have but to exert their power wisely to complete the moral as well as the material subjection of India. They enfeeble themselves when they attempt to conciliate barbarous and insolent fanaticism. The Brahmin, under the compulsion of hunger—as in 1838—eats the leavings of the degraded Dhom; he will not sacrifice himself to his caste; his caste, then, must not be allowed to make a sacrifice of the country.

A colossal task lies before the British Government in the reorganization of the Indian revenue. This topic we hear dilated upon with superficial facility by those whose Asiatic Researches date, perhaps, from the April of the present year. Not many days ago a speaker at a large public meeting extorted the cheers of his audience by expatiating upon the imbecility of the English in India, who had 'broken up the magnificent revenue system of the Emperor AKBAR.' This was a very fine opportunity, and the well-informed lecturer made the most of it. None of his hearers could correct him, and he passed on in maiden declamation fancy free. This AKBAR allusion appears a favourite; but it goes for nothing. It was not the English but the Mahrattas who broke up the arrangements of AKBAR, and even before they arrived the Moguls had reduced it to inefficiency

and corruption, so that by the time our authority succeeded to that of the Indian dynasties, the land was in the clutches of those zemindars and talookdars from whose devastating cupidity it has never yet been entirely redeemed. No doubt much may be effected in the way of reform, and it will be one great duty of public opinion to require it; but we must not forget that in the delicacy of his consideration for native rights, Lord CORNWALLIS enhanced the evil, and left a settlement, with the results of which his successors have had to struggle to this day. We cannot feel our power to be indeed imperial before we dare undertake to raise the village population from its degeneracy. But the reform is one we owe to India. Better than Calcutta baboos aping European vices, and swallowing champagne, would be a race of intelligent and prosperous ryots. To elevate the agricultural class, however, we have to force India through a series of developments similar to those which have advanced us from feudalism to free labour and independent citizenship.

We may build churches; we may establish schools; we may give a voice and an echo to Christianity in India. These are among our imperial rights. We cannot coerce the people, or persecute their priesthoods, or defile their temples. The policy of perfect liberty and equality is the best preparation for earnest and intelligent missionary enterprise; but, imposing no restrictions on the native religions, we should impose none on our own. The Imperial Government of India, however, can never be erected upon a durable basis until railroads and canals create a system of easy communication through all parts of the country, or until colonization is encouraged. We are aware that the East India Company has been misrepresented in this respect, as in many others. Its police is far from being so corrupt or so inadequate as the public are sometimes told; it is far better, at all events, than the much-praised system of Shah JEHAN, whose kotwals allowed BERNIER to be repeatedly robbed in the streets of the capital. The north-western roads, for example, are, in time of peace, as safe as those of England. As for means of traffic, we have already alluded to the unrivalled Ganges Canal; we may point also to the Grand Trunk Road, along which an army is marching from the sea to Delhi. In Upper India, without binding soil or granite, an unrivalled highway has been constructed of elaborated limestone, affording a magnificent metalled surface, and, except at one point, free from toll. The fair inference is that the British Government, when tranquillity has been restored, must undertake rapidly to carry on the work, suppressing all bigoted opposition, and demonstrating its own unquestionable supremacy; while, on the other hand, it has a right to ask that our popular panoramas of India should be fairly coloured.

REFORM IN A DARK CORNER.

THERE is a new Reform Bill. It was passed, not by the Houses of Parliament, but on Friday night at the Guildhall Coffee-house. The clauses, probably, would be popular, but what on earth is the use of these dark conferences? Is organization in future to be a mystery, and the Reformer a Young Freemason? We do beg the earnest Liberals not to bring suspicion upon themselves by retreating into corners and conning over a political prospectus. What weight is carried by a private and confidential deliberation (which practically is never confidential or private) when the real thing to be done is to produce a great popular movement? The nation is not a puppet to be pulled by wires manipulated in Wood-street or Gresham-street. There are two courses practicable,

either of which we could understand—a general public demonstration, after which the feelings and opinions of the country in favour of an amended parliamentary representation might gravitate to a Central League; or an unostentatious informal consultation, carried on among all the members of the Liberal party, and in no way biased by personal jealousies or sympathies. But a Reform clique is a monstrosity, and will command no national confidence. The effect of it is simply to show the cards of that which professes to be a party, and to produce the appearance of a sham. During the present and the last year, several attempts of this kind were made, resulting in failure. Firstly, the Residential Franchise Association was set on foot, and gained the temporary support of some really sound politicians, but these were compelled to fall away when they discovered that they were sinking into a confederacy of hacks, itinerants, and superannuated traders. Then some one inaugurated (in private) a 'Liberal League,' with offices in Craven-street, Strand, and the names of two or three members of Parliament flitted ephemerally on the prospectus; but this speedily became transparent as the project of an individual with a soul above public considerations, and the Liberal League vanished whither a thousand other leagues composed of a projector and an errand-boy had vanished before it. Then, as we informed our readers, a good deal of gossip went on at the Reform Club, and a conference of Parliamentary Reformers was held within closed doors in June last, at the King's Arms, Palace-yard, Westminster, Mr. JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, the mediating member for Sheffield, occupying the chair. A committee was appointed as well as whippers-in, and it was resolved to draw up a scheme. A vast correspondence is said to have taken place with Liberals in all parts of the country; concessions have been received from the special and the extreme; and, we repeat, there is a new Reform Bill.

It is not a bad bill. It confers a large extension of the suffrage on all occupants, owners, or tenants, in part or whole, of premises rated for the relief of the poor; it establishes the principle of secret voting, on the Australian plan; it redistributes the constituencies, so as to give a majority of representatives to a majority of electors; it abolishes the property qualifications for members; and it calls a new Parliament every three years. This, then, is the ROEBUCK Reform. Again, we say, it has a promising aspect, although a little cut-and-dried. But do the Gresham Coffee-house Liberals sincerely believe themselves, when they say to their fellow-countrymen that Government, if it meditates the introduction of a measure, will gladly receive popular instructions? Could not Mr. ROEBUCK abrogate the 'if,' since he is so dear a friend of the Cabinet, and confide to us the PALMERSTON theory? If not, is he totally unprepared to act in the public light, and to give up backstairs agitations? We are well aware that only a few members of Parliament are acting with him in promoting this sectional movement. But, if Reform is to be obtained, it must be by the union of Reformers, and not by secret conclaves, making up a project of shreds and patches, and relying upon a fraction of the people, instead of the whole. From the Public Office, Birmingham, comes a 'Charter' from Wood-street, 'an outline.' Which will the public adopt? Or will it reject both, and frame a Reform Bill of its own?

FIRST STONE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN INDIA.

THE spirit of Christianity is to assert itself at all risk to the Christian, with all tolerance

for the Heathen. We have compromised our faith in India; we have encouraged the Heathen to rebel against us, and we have been fearfully scourged for that infidelity to our own faith. At the same time we have misled the Heathen into a misconception of their own powers and place in the world which is destructive to themselves. In Cawnpore will never be forgotten that hideous monument of Hindoo ferocity—the well. General NEILL inflicted a terrible punishment on the traitors, by making them cleanse the traces of their murderous work before hanging them; the Hindoo gentry being scourged as malefactors to coerce them at their toil. Mr. HENRY CHRISTOPHERSON has proposed a far nobler revenge: it is, over that well, the tomb of the victims, to erect a Christian church. NANA SAHIB has bid his countrymen rejoice because the Christians, even their women and children, have been destroyed—because 'they have all been sent to hell, and both the Mussulman and Hindoo religions have been confirmed;' but on the foundation which he thus hideously prepared, the Christian Church will rise with resistless power, to preach the doctrine of forgiveness.

It appears to us that Christianity never had such an opportunity in India; has, indeed, seldom had so sublime an opening in the world. A spirit of chivalry just now animates the whole body of Christians. Thousands upon thousands—millions, who would set little store by the technical refinements of scholastic distinctions of doctrine, are prepared to lay down life and property in vindicating her faith, and in sustaining the Government which shall assert that faith in all its purity, in all its gentleness, but in all its power. Some cunning persons have thought to filch an opportunity, not for Christianity, but sect. One person has suggested this kind of church, that kind of chapel, this other form of cathedral or meeting-house. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts at once issued an advertisement, taking the idea of Mr. CHRISTOPHERSON, and appropriating it to the Church of England. Now if that Church really were, as we have always wished it to be, the Church of the people of England, it would be most fit that its clergy should be the builders of the new Christian church in India. But it is not so; the Church of England might be called the Church of the upper classes of England, and even that would overstate its pretensions. Another gentleman has thrown out a very cunning bribe: HAVELOCK is a Baptist by persuasion, and he has done much to restore peace; build then 'a Baptist temple on an extensive scale.' 'A Curate' says he will give a guinea should a cathedral be erected; but 'I,' the Baptist, 'will give two guineas, and promise to procure twenty guineas more, should my plan be adopted.' Here is 'S. L.' offering twenty-one guineas if the public will choose 'a Baptist temple'—some kind of Greek fane, we suppose,—instead of a Christian cathedral; so completely does the fanaticism of sect neutralize Christianity! On the other hand, Mr. ERNEST HAWKINS, Secretary to the Society for Propagating the Gospel, eagerly declares, through the columns of the *Times*, that the Society has, of its own accord, given the fullest security against any party bias in an appointment of missionaries. It represents no party in the Church; its missionaries are appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London for the time being, and the two missionary martyrs at Cawnpore were thus approved. Is not the Society, however, still a Society of the Church 'of England?' If Mr. ERNEST HAWKINS, with the warrant of his coadjutors

in the Society, could rise above the level of sect and give some guarantee that the Church would fairly represent *Christianity* in India, he would no doubt call forth a national response, and he would create a new society worthy to have the most Christian gentleman in the land, Prince ALBERT, as its president; and worthy, we will say, of the man who suggested the memorial. For Mr. CHRISTOPHERSON, himself a Nonconformist, has said nothing about sect, but has pointed at 'good Bishop WILSON' as the man who could vindicate Christianity against its own divisions.

THE ACCOMMODATION-PAPER MANUFACTURE.

IF we could venture to do so without presumption, we should urge Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD to inform himself more completely on the subject of bankruptcy, and particularly of that branch which was concerned in the case of SADBROVE and RAGG. The case was before him last Tuesday for judgment, and he delivered a judgment conspicuous for its uprightness and its intelligence. We have already stated the circumstances under which the firm managed to supply the place of capital with paper. "The financial partner," says Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD, "resorted to the meanest devices in order to make up for the want of capital;" and for those 'meanest devices,' the bankrupt was punished by the withholding of his certificate; his less culpable partner being refused the certificate for two years. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD declared that the manufacturer of a bill purporting to bear a signature which was in its nature false, or to be signed by persons falsely represented, 'to say the least of it, amounts to a gross fraud.' To write the name of a person not-existing is a forgery as much as to sign the name of another person living. In making these remarks, however, the Bankruptcy Commissioner appeared to be unaware that forgery is by no means an unusual offence in the manufacture of accommodation paper, or that misrepresenting the character of the parties is one of the most usual occurrences in the world.

He naively pointed out that proceedings of this kind must inevitably lead to ruin; but here again we have to teach the Commissioner. The mercantile profits in this case were about 10½ per cent. on the returns; money could only be borrowed at the rate of 10 to 12 per cent., and the Commissioner sees in this operation, therefore, nothing but ruin? How so? To drop the particular instance, let us take another case—anonymous, but not imaginary. A man sets up a shop, say a linendraper's or a grocer's; his capital is small, say 3000*l.*; and he can only engage in a limited scale of business, can only arrogate to himself a very middle-class income—two or three hundred pounds a year, and must live a great part of the week at a cold-mutton scale of existence. Such a life is rather 'slow.' He determines to have an income of seven or eight hundred a year, or more; he wishes his box out of town; and it is easily done. He has only to extend his business. He wants capital, it is true, and he has not customers; but capital can be obtained by paying a sufficient price for it, and customers will come if the goods are sold at 'tremendous sacrifices.' Accordingly, he borrows one or two hundred thousand pounds, at ten or twelve per cent.; sells his goods even under prime cost; drives a large business to the full extent of his capital, sets apart for himself his 700*l.* or 800*l.* a year, or more; goes on for three or four years, finds his debts accumulating, and declares himself bankrupt. But he keeps excellent books, pays ten shillings in the pound, and establishes him-

self as 'an honourable bankrupt.' He has in the meanwhile secured a reserved fund to begin again with, and does begin again, on a larger scale. It is not necessary, therefore, that a combination of high interest for borrowed capital and low profits should lead to individual ruin. We have in our eye persons who, having been bankrupt a sufficient number of times, contemplate retiring upon the proceeds.

It would be not impossible to bring forward distinct evidence of operations even more closely coming under Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD's censure, whether in the linen-draper trade or the grocery trade.

Banks have lately been discovered of which the whole capital has been a fiction. The Liverpool Borough Bank, representing some hundreds of shareholders, and managed by able men, turns out to have assisted in the manufacture of accommodation paper to immense sums. We have heard a report revived lately that some pushing firms not a hundred miles from Cornhill, are known to hold forged paper, in the vulgar sense of the word; and *although* the story is an old one, we believe that it is true. We profess to be shocked at the Yankees for their fast trading; but Yankeeeland can in no respect vie with Europe in the magnitude of its bankruptcies. Hitherto, indeed, the whole Continent has been greatly behind England; but they are a sublime people the French, and if we have had our STRAHAN, PAUL, and BATES, or our British Bank, in France they are showing us how 'credit' can be multiplied and swelled up, and how long a crash can be put off. There is at the present time no trade so eagerly pushed, or developed to such magnitude, as the trade of bankruptcy; and its capital is accommodation paper, the largest manufacture of the day.

THE ROUMANIAN UNION.

WHEN last autumn the settlement of the Danubian Principalities was an agitated question, we represented that the opinion of Moldavia and Wallachia was emphatically in favour of a political union. That view was rejected in several quarters. It was thought that only a particular clique, including M. BRATIANO, had adopted the Roumanian Idea; but the point is now placed beyond dispute. The Wallachian and Moldavian Divans, elected to express the sentiments of all classes of the population, have demanded the consolidation of the two provinces under one Government. Perhaps they are not likely, at present, to obtain their wishes; but, on the other hand, no Paris Conference can definitively settle the destinies of the Roumanian race, in contradiction of its expressed desire. It appears that a diplomatic compromise has been determined upon. What example have we of such a compromise permanently fulfilling its object? It would be perverse, of course, not to admit the difficulties in the way of the union. If Turkey be firmly resolved against it, and has a right to withdraw the matter from the decision of a conference, and if she be supported by Great Britain and Austria, the Roumanian nation cannot hope to prevail against a league of plenipotentiaries. The negotiations set on foot in order to guarantee the Porte could not well end in coercing it. Besides, France is supposed to have given way—if ever, indeed, her professions were sincere—and Russia, with no more than the doubtful concurrence of Prussia and Sardinia, could scarcely anticipate the triumph of her own opinions. But, whatever be the judgment of Europe, the rights of the Rouman people ought to be remembered. They are not, and never have been, Turkish subjects. They are as much the 'natural judges' in their own case as the

Turks are in theirs; for it is not a question of sundering a province from an empire, but of loosening a political tie contracted conditionally by mutual consent.

They have always had a nationality, recognized by treaties with the Porte, and while they have fulfilled all their engagements with Turkey, Turkey has broken every one of hers with them. Therefore, the claims of the Porte are by no means natural and indefeasible. Moldavia and Wallachia are not integral portions of the Ottoman Empire. The Turks know this. Consequently, they have endeavoured to corrupt the population, and have failed. If M. VOGORIDES, who banqueted at the Mansion House on Wednesday, could venture to be candid, he might tell the public how his relations on the Danube obeyed the inspirations of Lord CLARENDON and M. MUSURUS. M. MUSURUS himself is the last man who should talk of patriotism or public duty. As well might a Finsbury Greek claim to be the kinsman of ARISTIDES. The VOGORIDES family have performed, perhaps, some of the most humble tasks to which 'princes' ever stooped. The Roumanians are justly incensed. They perceive that they are about to be sacrificed to a fiction, and that fiction the integrity of Turkey, with its debauched administration, its alloyed currency, its hopeless debt, its unsuccessful loans, its universal demoralization and decay. And the fiction is upheld by those who condescend to the dirtiest intrigues. Whatever influence has been at work seems to have been successful at the French Court; or, rather, it begins to be demonstrated that official France has not, and cannot have, the slightest practical sympathy with any nation aspiring to independence. But if the Roumanians are to be suppressed in the interest of diplomacy, the reasons must be clearly understood. It is no argument to say that they are incapable of self-defence; the Turks, at least, have not proved capable of defending them. Nor is it quite correct, as leading journalists affirm, that Roumania is a flat country, and naturally indefensible; it has the Carpathians—as high as the Alps; it has many rivers; it has a frontier of forests. Frequently as it has been invaded, it has never been conquered since the days of TRAJAN. As to Russian influence, the most conspicuous fact connected with it is that, after the passage of the Pruth, Roumanian exiles hastened to Constantinople to offer their services to the Turks. But if we desire to foster Russian sympathies, we have only to oppose the Union, and convince the people that, when they are in want of friends, they must find them in the North.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

THE impression produced in Paris by the death of General CAVAIGNAC has been decidedly partial; but it is not on that account less worthy of study. In some circles—composed chiefly of what may be called 'new members of society' recently brought up to the surface—strangers from below, mixed with strangers from abroad—the only question asked was, "Will there be any disturbance?" It was easy to answer in the negative; and then no more was thought of the matter than of the death of a Chinese mandarin announced at the tag-end of a correspondence from Hong-Kong. Naturally these circles are strictly governmental in their sympathies, for they depend on the Empire for their existence and their importance. They form a sort of political *demi-monde*, in which we meet sometimes familiar faces, faces that haunt us under all régimes, for they have been seen in all ante-chambers—faces of disappointed place-hunters, who pretend to have dived to the world's heart's core, and who have formed amidst repeated disappointments the inge-

nious doctrine which now consoles so many consciences: "All Governments are arbitrary and dishonest by nature and tendency: it is a mere question of degree: how, therefore, can we be enthusiastic? Enthusiasm deals with what is absolute; and when we have analyzed Imperialism and Democracy, *ma foi!* the difference is so slightly in favour of the latter—;" and so forth. These gentlemen, who knew what enthusiasm meant when it might have been profitable, go about checking what little emotion may manifest itself within their reach by talking of the Days of June, the arrest of GIRARDIN, and the famous speech in which General CAVAIGNAC declared that 'there was an abyss' between him and LEDRU ROLLIN. Wherever their influence extends, we may be sure that by next week 'he who sleeps at Montmartre' will be utterly forgotten.

'He who sleeps at Montmartre' is a popular expression picked up the other day in Paris from the mouth of one who never heard of PHILÆ. It was used in a sort of triumphant spirit; and represented a vulgar, a savage, but perhaps a somewhat excusable feeling of hatred against the Dictator of June. The middle classes are astonished at the existence of these persevering feelings in ranks which they are accustomed to consider as filled by isolated individuals, who come and go, and have no organization, no regular process of handing down traditions. It is now nine years since those bloody days—nine years filled by how many events that have occupied the bourgeois heart and soul; so that the men who massacred insurgents in that awful time look upon it as matter of history, and consider themselves absolved and whitewashed by the mere lapse of time. To talk of retribution now would seem as unreasonable to them as it seemed to Governor WALL after he had been quietly digging his garden for twenty years. But meanwhile the people, more sparing of its sympathies—scarcely interesting itself oftener than once in a lustre in public events—looks back to June, 1848, as to yesterday; and feel passions and entertain resentments which seem terrible and repulsive to those who have been letting their hearts throb daily at all manner of news from east, west, north, and south, foreign and domestic, social and military, commercial and scientific, who have identified themselves with the world's progressive life, and felt for all its disasters for one-third of the average duration of human existence. We met not long ago a man who spoke bitterly of the massacre of Peterloo. He did not seem more strange than a porter, a workman, a waiter at a café, a cabdriver—who may have all once stood powder and blood-stained on a barricade, but who now have the meek demeanour proper to their calling, overpowered by the police—saying, "Ah! he is dead—well, what matter!" or brutally proclaiming, "He has gone, the hero of June!"

But in the lower classes, this feeling of hostility is no longer general; it is replaced often by a feeling of mere indifference; and often by a generous admiration and regret. During the last elections the actions of CAVAIGNAC were much sifted, and the result showed that to a remarkable extent he was absolved from all imputed crimes. The fact is, people now see that the violence he committed, or that was committed in his name, was a necessity of his position; but that his moderation after victory was entirely personal. Scarcely any one doubts that if he had been merely ambitious, he might have placed himself at the head of any kind of government he might have chosen. His scrupulousness, indeed, was carried almost to the extent of a crime. There are some situations in which

patriotism exacts from a man even the sacrifice of his reputation. By doing a little wrong, CAVAIGNAC might, perhaps, have done a great right. He had but to insist, whilst the vast mass of middle classes were huddling, affrighted, under his wing for shelter, that the clause of the proposed Constitution which so reasonably gave the election of the President to the Assembly, should be discussed and voted at once. After that, theorists and lawyers might have disputed as they pleased about the details. But every one was at that time in favour of a certain pedantic formality—every one but that silent, and meditative pretender, and those boisterous sectaries whose activity had just been stamped out by the iron heel of the African General. Time for reaction was allowed. The very men who had executed the acts of rigour which had renewed popular hatred, shrank from that hatred, and did their best to make the chief of the executive power the scapegoat of the day. His fall was a concession to the ninety thousand disarmed Socialists—disarmed, but still terrible—the only men sufficiently earnest to be ready at any time to risk their lives in the streets for their opinions.

All this has since been seen through; and the name of CAVAIGNAC, though it did not excite universal affection, was becoming gradually more popular. As the *Journal des Débats* acknowledges, 'hopes' had begun to cluster around it. The fact is, that although it is considered puerile to think of any immediate termination of the present régime—there being no means of execution, and no sufficient motive that has not been in operation six years—yet all reflecting persons contemplate the possibility of a change at some period more or less distant. That a sort of date exists in their minds may be inferred from the fact that no reference to this change has been made without some reference to the name of CAVAIGNAC—an older man than the present incumbent of the throne. But it would be a mistake to suppose that he was, with or without his knowledge, the head even of a tacit conspiracy. Only, every one felt certain that in case of any accident requiring the presence of a new dictator—a sudden malady, an assassination, an *émeute*—his neighbour would almost to a certainty, in the first moment of alarm and disorder—unless a mere promoter of disorder—call for General CAVAIGNAC, at least as a temporary expedient. No matter what followed. There was no fear that he would force the country into a direction which it disliked. He would merely sit sword in hand at the head of affairs, and compel all parties to discuss their pretensions and count their numbers without any appeal to violence. Gradually, therefore, by the mere force of circumstances, CAVAIGNAC, whether leading a quiet life in his modest apartment of the Rue de Londres, or spending an hour or so in the studio of his friend JEANRON—where it was the etiquette never to provoke him to talk of public affairs—or engaged in building outhouses, or laying down drains on his new estate of Ourne, without intrigue, without active ambition, without relations more than those of a mere private gentleman, almost against his will—so sweet at that period of life had become the duties and the privileges of home, the society of an admiring and charming wife, of a promising little boy—amidst all this repose, CAVAIGNAC, we say, was rising to the position of a necessary mediator when the necessary crisis should come. No wonder, therefore, that every step he took was watched with jealous eyes from the Tuileries; no wonder that the Paris elections were considered in the light of an insolent bravado. But what could be done against a man who was gathering the sympathies of a nation around him, whilst seeming

to put his whole soul into shooting snipes in his fields?

He fell, and died as rapidly as he might on the field of battle at the head of a column. There was no connexion between his death and the position he had gradually assumed. Perhaps in the depths of that great heart there may have been some secret anxiety, some regret for the past, some hope or fear for the future, at which we can only guess. When we hear talk of so many great political leaders and soldiers of civil war dying from aneurisms and not from grape-shot, we refuse to accept mere material explanations, and laugh at science which tells us that there is no such thing as a broken heart. However, such speculations cannot lead to much now. The General died as soon as they had carried him from the garden to the house. Then followed an incident which can scarcely be surpassed for dramatic interest. The young widow, having obtained, or not, due authorization—it matters little—accompanied by a neighbour and her infant son, set out to carry the body to Paris. They wrapped him in his cloak, and placed him in the corner of his carriage as if asleep; and so, during the whole day, they journeyed, now by road and now by rail; and with that rigid face always before her, Madame CAVAIGNAC went on to Paris. It was daylight when they arrived: but no one knew what had happened, and no one was in the streets. The corpse of the General had been laid out twenty-four hours at least before the news was generally known. M. JEANRON, one of the oldest and most energetic friends of the deceased, was instantly summoned, and entrusted with the task of making the necessary preparations:—MM. GOUDCHAUX, VAULABELLE, DE FOISSY, GUINARD, and BASTIDE were summoned, and came in at various hours of the night. It is an interesting fact that no hired hands were employed to put the General in his coffin. His friends performed that last duty for him; and one of them wrapped his head in linen cloths. It would be indiscreet to paint their emotion now, and to describe the scenes of grief that took place. But it is impossible not to notice that there was something heroic in the tone of all who came from that house during those days. All the women of the CAVAIGNAC family have been famous for a sort of Roman heroism; and the young wife and mother, who now mourns the loss of her hope and that of France, from the beginning to the end of this sad catastrophe has acted in a manner which only a PLUTARCH could fittingly record.

France must now wait for a new reputation to rise up; although, while Colonel CHARRAS lives, the place of CAVAIGNAC is not entirely empty. Though the Orleanists may have consented to widen their programme, and though most moderate Republicans may have persuaded themselves that any government would be good which would grant liberty of speech and free elections, yet the vast mass of the nation has not yet been reached by these new ideas and conventions. The death of CAVAIGNAC and the speculations to which it has given rise will reveal to many for the first time the existence of a Liberal party, which increases without conspiring, which has no absolute doctrines and no watchword, which is scarcely conscious of its own importance, and which, indeed, has as yet but a negative influence. If any of its members are to be found in the army, except in exile, they cannot boast of much moral courage. Literary men, artists, merchants, bankers, even stock-jobbers, followed the funeral car to the Montmartre Cemetery between the double line of soldiers; but not one single uniform—an unprecedented occurrence—was seen in the whole column.

THE LEVIATHAN.

AND there is that Leviathan! is said no more of the monster of the Ocean but of the monster of Millwall. There was something pathetic in the blank dejection visible on the faces of that noble army of workmen on the dreary November morning when the Big Ship, just like a horse too sharply bitted, obstinately declined to go one way or the other, 'like a thing of life.' So true it is, as M. BAKINOT observes, that while Nature obeys her own ordinances without effort or resistance, she is apt to resent man's arbitrary laws, or to obey them with groans and convulsions of resentment.

On Tuesday last Nature did her part of the work to everybody's satisfaction; the tide flowed up to the very keel of the ship quite caressingly; and, in accordance with a natural law, when the ship was started down an incline she went, as our Yankee cousins would say, 'slick enough.' But when man's mechanism pulled her up on her haunches with a bit severer than CHIFFER's, she protested most effectually against this sudden check to her inclinations, and stuck fast.

The failure of vast enterprises from the slightest accidents is an old story; the truth perhaps being that these accidents are what a theologian would call sins of omission, and mostly of the preventable order. In the present case every luxury of precaution was employed that the boldest engineering science, tempered by calculations at once the most liberal and the most exact could devise to prevent the Big Ship from launching herself, and in that single respect the success was complete. The great fear appears to have been lest by her own mere motion she should break loose like an infant HERCULES from her cradle, scatter her chains like serpents from her path, convert a thick-sown acre or two of working men and sightseers into clay and stubble, walk through or over half a dozen lighters, and as many steamers crowded with Cockneys, and by way of a concluding tableau, make a run on the opposite Bank and dig up Deptford by the roots. The American language alone could do justice to the harrowing spectacle so successfully prevented from coming off last Tuesday, to the bitter disappointment of that atrocious Old Man who went every night to see the lion eat VAN AMBURGH.

A MILLWALL ILLUSTRATION.

It is reported that, on Tuesday evening last, a Junior Lord of the Admiralty fell into ecstasies. He had been to Millwall and had seen the Leviathan hitch. He went home, met his friends at dinner, and said, in exulting claret tones, "Who'll ever say another word about the Transit?" In the exultation of the moment, the Junior Lord even made up his mind to write and ask Mr. W. S. LINDSAY whether he had not given up his notion about private enterprise. Indeed, some of the public departments were illuminated—not with gas or wax lights, but with the iridescence of official grins, and every departmental backbone was erected in an attitude of triumph. Already we catch an echo from the next session of Parliament. "The honourable gentleman says, that if precautions had been used, the mutiny could not have spread so dangerously, but I ask the honourable gentleman, who is so fond of sneering at the administrative measures of the Government, whether he was present at the attempted launch of the Leviathan? Were not precautions taken, and was not the experiment a failure?" Let the back benches cheer. It was democracy that broke down on Tuesday afternoon, cogs and tackle breaking with it. That is to say, navvies could not do the duty of engineers,

and there was no one else to undertake it. Precisely so. Your noble navy is entrusted with the tackle that works the vessel of the State—long ago launched amidst oceans and archipelagoes—and the blundering fellow hauls on when he should haul off, and the ship gets a twist in the spine. Huge, brave, brawny men were at work at the drums, and all that brawn, bravery, and big arms and legs could do they did; but they wanted an eye and an understanding.

There was no one to supply these essentials. Consequently, the Leviathan was prevented from lying with 'her bulwarks on the brine,' so soon as had been anticipated. We, in the old vessel of the State, which has been preserved in the brine of centuries, repeatedly have some lubber in charge of the boats, or in command of a gun, or at the helm, who swamps a crew, or fires a shot into a friend's eye, or who bumps us against a rock when the captain is dining. But the Millwall people have the advantage of us. They are actually taking additional precautions. They will place the navies under supervision. They will improve their plans. But that is not our fashion. The ancient hulk is burned down nearly to the water's edge, or jammed between rocks, or let a mast go by the board, or has a 'watch' washed overboard, or is otherwise damaged, and we pay for the repairs, bury the 'casualties,' pass votes of confidence in the officers, and get afloat again, in the humble hope that a few days may pass without seeing us again among the breakers, or blazing fore and aft like the Flying Dutchman in a thunderstorm.

POLICE (BENGAL PRESIDENCY).—A copy of a despatch from the Governor-General of India to the Directors of the East India Company (dated May 14th of this year) has been published. It relates to the police of the Bengal Presidency, and expresses the general agreement of the Council in the views taken by Lord Canning, as expressed in a minute of February 18th, containing the following proposals:—“1. That the police of Bengal be reorganized at once, without waiting for a plan applicable to the whole of India. 2. That there be no general superintendent of police for Bengal, but that the police be superintended, as at present, by the commissioners of divisions acting under the general control of the Government. 3. That the police of Bengal be not organized after a military fashion, but that two, or perhaps three additional corps of station guards be formed to protect the offices, gaols, and treasuries, to furnish escorts, and to aid the regular police in case of need. . . . 6. That either covenanted officers or uncovenanted deputy magistrates be placed in charge of subdivisions, consisting of from three to four thanahs each, and that ninety members be added to the subordinate executive service at an increased annual expense of 412,800 rupees. 7. That the office of magistrate and collector where now dissiminated in Bengal should be combined in the same person, and that such of the covenanted officers as are now magistrates and are not absorbed in the higher office, should be employed as joint magistrates and deputy-collectors, but without any increase of salary. 8. That the joint magistrate in each district should ordinarily have the superintendence of the police under the general control of the magistrate. 9. That the deputy magistrates exercise judicial as well as police powers. 10. That the mooniffs generally be vested with the criminal powers of an assistant magistrate, and with such higher powers as the local Government may think proper to confer in particular cases. 11. That the proceedings of the subordinate courts be made as summary as possible, and that there be no appeal of right. 12. That the local Government be authorized to vest respectable residents of the interior with the powers of an assistant magistrate.”

THE NENE VALLEY DRAINAGE.—The recent report of Mr. Robert Stephenson, C.E., on the present state of the Nene Valley drainage works at Wisbeach, recommended the erection of a temporary stanch to avert the danger which is dreaded by some persons. The Nene Valley Commissioners have held a meeting, and adopted a report in which they say that they have no funds, and that it is therefore impossible for them to execute the work suggested; besides which their own engineer thinks it would be inexpedient to erect the stanch. That gentleman, however, has been instructed to put himself in communication with Mr. Stephenson.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—Tranquillity prevailed at the Cape at the last advices. Three regiments and two companies of artillery had been sent on to India. The Kaffirs on the frontier were dying by hundreds from starvation, and several thousands had entered the colony, where they were fed and clad by the colonists.

Open Council.

(ON THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.)

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write!—MILTON.

LORD CANNING.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Punch, the immortal hunchback of the English press, is doing service to India in her present difficulty. His version of 'Lord Canning's proclamation in favour of the Indian mutineers' will not a little mortify the Council of the Supreme Government at Calcutta; and its power will be acknowledged wherever in the disturbed districts the authorities are endeavouring to restore order by severity to the defenders of the country and by truckling to the natives.

Punch concludes his admirable satire with this paragraph:—

“The Governor-General will punish with the utmost severity any infraction of the rules laid down in this proclamation, and should any Englishman be found to have put to death, or permitted to be put to death, or not exercised his utmost endeavour to save, any unfortunate native, armed or not, such Englishman shall be hanged immediately on the close of the campaign.”

“(Signed) CANNING.”

“Calcutta, September 1.”

Why did Lord Canning snub Mr. Colvin for a proclamation the spirit of which he has himself so closely imitated? Certain it is that there will be no disposition at Agra now to adopt a more vigorous policy. What is really being done there you may judge by these extracts from a letter now before me, brought at the latest date from that place:—

“The authorities seem to be verily blind, and have resumed their old dirty trick of placing in posts of honour and responsibility men who are known to have acted treacherously. Several of the influential natives who had decamped from the 5th to the 8th July (the former date being that of the battle of Agra) have sent in petitions (i. e. after the mutineers had gone clear off without being able to massacre all the Europeans), stating that it was fear which had urged them to take the step they had adopted: and some of the petitions have received favourable consideration!”

The Vicar of Bray himself was not more successful than these fellows. Should the Gwalior Contingent besiege Agra they will be on the other side again, ready to petition or massacre their European friends, according to the turn that fortune may take.

What follows raised my own indignation. How does it affect you?

“The militia, you know, is composed of all the (civil) servants of Government and other residents of Agra, such as those of the railway establishment, merchants, &c. The rules adopted for the Calcutta militia would have suited us here, being wise and prudent; but our Government have acted in a most disgraceful manner towards their own defenders. At first, when they wanted men, their uncovenanted servants were courted with smiles, and every token of good feeling was manifested. Even some of the higher covenanted servants headed the band; but when the day of action came these high nobles quietly sneaked away. Since then the treatment which the militia has received is beyond my powers to describe. Remember that the native character has displayed itself in the blackest dye, while the Christian of every rank and denomination has given evidence of good faith, and placed his life at the disposal of the State. Can you believe it, that the native is yet treated with more consideration than the Christian militiaman, and the latter exposed to all the insults that the pride of the civil and military service can inflict. The English press would doubtless give it no credence. Yet it is a fact that our Christian militiamen are flogged at the triangle; and at the hands of natives too! Why, but because of petty offences, when their blood and their standing would not brook insults from the scoundrels? Several of our militiamen have thus been treated; and one especially was lashed in the compound of the magistrate's office by native *Khulashees*!”

The writer speaks of the armoury-square in the fort as also being a place for these punishments, natives being present as spectators. The open area round the magistrate's office, more than a mile from the fort, is the compound spoken of, where hundreds of natives assemble to witness the gratifying spectacle of Christian militiamen being flogged, as in former days the police used there to flog thieves and other native criminals. The power to inflict such punishment was long since taken away from the magistrates; and you are doubtless aware that no native sepoy, since the rule of Lord William Bentinck, is subject to the degradation of the lash, even for the most serious crimes. You will wonder, then, for what offence the volunteers who have rendered important military service are thus de-

graded, and that, too, by punishment not inflicted in a camp, nor by military hands, but on the premises of a police-office, and under the cat of a police-servant. What follows relates to the son of a trader of the same name and country as the Armenian merchant of Calcutta, reported to be the largest contributor in India to the Relief Fund:—

“Poor Arrathoon's boy received twenty-five lashes, because he told the sergeant he did not know how to clean a horse, how to scrub a horse, or how to attend a horse. A representation was made to his Honour the Lieutenant-Governor, but he very politely refused to notice the prayer, and said in reply, that as we are taking protection in the fort, we must submit to whatever is ordered. The consequence is, that almost every man in the militia is sick of what he has had to undergo. The head clerk of the Sudder Dewanny Adalat (the Supreme Court of the NW. Provinces) had a week's extra guard for threatening a sweeper.”

The sweepers do nightmen's work, and are the very lowest class of native servants.

Every one is, however, not thus visited. Great men have great privileges:—

“A gentleman of the Covenanted Civil Service the other day caught a native, pounded him well, and let him go with various bruises. The native complained to the sentry on guard, and the circumstance was reported; but all was hushed up, and the gentleman got off probably with half a dozen words of rebuke instead of forty lashes at the triangle. This is British justice for you, and shame on the men who, professing Christianity, can be guilty of it.”

Every man who has helped to save India at the moment of imminent peril is entitled to honour and kindness. Surely some member of Parliament will bear these atrocious punishments in mind and call for an explanation.

Yours, obediently,

B. T.

THE LIVERPOOL AND BIRKENHEAD DOCKS.—At the conclusion of the ordinary business before the Liverpool Dock Committee on Thursday week, several memorials were read from merchants and traders, urging the necessity of increased dock accommodation on both sides of the Mersey. After some discussion, a motion was carried to the effect that the matter should be referred back to the special sub-committee.—A special meeting of the Birkenhead Commissioners was held on the following morning, when the chairman, Mr. John Laird, read some letters from the directors of the Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire Junction of the Great Western Railway Companies, advising that they should hold a conference, with the view of ascertaining what steps should be taken to compel the Liverpool Corporation or the Liverpool Dock Trustees to proceed with the completion of the Birkenhead Docks, as required by the Mersey Conservancy Act of last session. A resolution was ultimately adopted sanctioning the proposed conference between a deputation of the commissioners and a special committee of the Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire Junction and the Great Western Railway Companies, with power to confer with the Manchester Chamber of Commerce and other parties on the question. The Law Clerk was also authorized to give notice for an application to be made to Parliament for the purchase of the Birkenhead Gas and Water Works, and for the construction of any new works that might be necessary.

EAST LONDON RAGGED SCHOOL AND REFUGE.—The third annual public meeting of this society was held on the evening of yesterday week in the large room of the Whitechapel Society, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The report was of a very satisfactory character, and showed that out of sixty-nine boys received into the Refuge, forty-five have been reclaimed, and that they all possess a certain sum of money in the Boys' Bank, one having as much as 5*l*. Various resolutions were agreed to, and a collection was made at the doors.

THE CAPE COLONY EMIGRATION COMMISSIONER AND AGENTS.—An extensive emigration to the Cape is about to commence. By the last accounts from the colony we learn that the emigration offices have been filled. The Hon. William Field, Collector of Customs, and member of the Executive Council, has been appointed Emigration Commissioner for the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. William Caruthers, Hagel Kraal, in the division of Caledon, J.P., and Mr. William Way, late district surgeon at Burghersdorp, have been appointed agents in England for the colony for emigration purposes. The sum of 50,000*l*. has been voted to defray the passage of emigrants from Great Britain to the Cape.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

A MISSION TO AMERICA.—Sir William Gore Ouseley, charged with a special mission to Washington, and thence to the several States of Central America, sailed in the Arabia on Saturday for New York, accompanied by Lady Ouseley and suite, having been entertained on the previous night by Mr. W. Brown, M.P., chairman of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway, and of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Sir William goes out with full power to treat of the various matters embraced in what is commonly called Central American questions. The Arabia had on board a very large mail, 204,592*l*. in specie, and one hundred and fifty passengers.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE first part of a new story by Mr. THACKERAY is the event of the week, and its perusal must have helped greatly during the last few days to mitigate the depressing influence of this wretched November weather. By a kindly social ordinance, the autumn of the natural year is made the spring of the literary one, so that just at the time when the parks and gardens become drizzled and desolate, grey and dim, beyond endurance, the publishers add to our fireside delights by the issue of their choicest works. Of the new leaves thus providently supplied, none will be more welcome than those which introduce the *Virginians* to English society. The sketch of the two brothers on the well-known yellow cover is already a familiar picture in a thousand English homes, as the history of their early days has already delighted a thousand English hearts. We have little more to do than announce Mr. THACKERAY's reappearance, and express the delight we have felt in reading the first instalment of his new story.

The *Virginians* is not a tale of contemporary American life, or, indeed, of contemporary life at all, but of society in England and America during the second half of the last century. It is, indeed, a sort of sequel to *Esmond*, the thread of the same family history being resumed only two generations later, Colonel Esmond's grand-children being the 'Virginians' of the new story. In this THACKERAY has followed his favourite plan of reintroducing the characters of his previous stories, so that in every new book of his we meet people with whom we are already well acquainted. The consummate art with which he does this has all the unconsciousness of nature, and adds immensely to the sense of perfect reality, which is the great characteristic and rare charm of his writing. The opening chapters of the new story contain some admirable illustrations of this peculiarity. Note, for instance, the fine tact, which suggests rather than introduces the picture of Colonel Esmond's declining years spent in the retirement of his Virginian home. We see him saddened rather than embittered by the 'bankruptcy of the heart' which he had suffered in early life, regarding all men and all things with a quiet seriousness, a little sceptical, a little indifferent perhaps, but always kindly, generous, and humane. Here is the picture with the introductory paragraph, which sketches the Transatlantic scene of the story, and illustrates the subtle art of the writer:—

The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal. For its rough cultivation, each estate had a multitude of hands—of purchased and assigned servants—who were subject to the command of the master. The land yielded their food, live stock, and game. The great rivers swarmed with fish for the taking. From their banks the passage home was clear. Their ships took the tobacco off their private wharves on the banks of the Potomac or the James river, and carried it to London or Bristol,—bringing back English goods and articles of home manufacture in return for the only produce which the Virginian gentry chose to cultivate. Their hospitality was boundless. No stranger was ever sent away from their gates. The gentry received one another, and travelled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal. The question of Slavery was not born at the time of which we write. To be the proprietor of black servants shocked the feelings of no Virginian gentleman; nor, in truth, was the despotism exercised over the negro race generally a savage one. The food was plenty; the poor black people lazy and not unhappy. You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Esmond of Castlewood, as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of her stables; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn-bag were good for both.

Her father may have thought otherwise, being of a sceptical turn on very many points, but his doubts did not break forth in active denial, and he was rather disaffected than rebellious. At one period, this gentleman had taken a part in active life at home, and possibly might have been eager to share its rewards; but in latter days he did not seem to care for them. A something had occurred in his life, which had cast a tinge of melancholy over all his existence. He was not unhappy—to those about him most kind—most affectionate, obsequious even to the women of his family, whom he scarce ever contradicted; but there had been some bankruptcy of his heart, which his spirit never recovered. He submitted to life, rather than enjoyed it, and never was in better spirits than in his last hours when he was going to lay it down.

Having lost his wife, his daughter took the management of the Colonel and his affairs; and he gave them up to her charge with an entire acquiescence. So that he had his books and his quiet, he cared for no more. When company came to Castlewood, he entertained them handsomely, and was of a very pleasant, sarcastical turn. He was not in the least sorry when they went away.

"My love, I shall not be sorry to go myself," he said to his daughter, "and you, though the most affectionate of daughters, will console yourself after a while. Why should I, who am so old, be romantic? You may, who are still a young creature." This he said, not meaning all he said, for the lady whom he addressed was a matter-of-fact little person, with very little romance in her nature.

As a pendant to Colonel Esmond we have a picture equally admirable, and far more elaborate, of Beatrice Esmond—the proud and self-willed beauty of the earlier story. She is also grown old, but you still recognize the triumphant coquette who had trifled with and scared the heart of Esmond years ago, now somewhat faded in complexion, somewhat coarse in figure, and somewhat facile in tone and manners, but still retaining traces of her former beauty, still the lady of high race and polished society; a little punished by her cruelty, a little remorseful at having thrown away Esmond's noble and devoted heart, and touched with irresistible tenderness at the sight of his grandson—the living picture of her old lover in his youth. Here is the sketch:—

Had the well-remembered scene (for she had visited it often in childhood) a freshness and charm for her? Did it recall days of innocence and happiness, and did its calm beauty soothe or please, or awaken remorse in her heart? Her manner was more than ordinarily affectionate and gentle, when, presently, after pacing the walks for a half hour, the person for whom she was waiting came to her. This was our

young Virginian, to whom she had despatched an early billet by one of the Lakewoods. The note was signed B. Bernstein, and informed Mr. Esmond Warrington that his relatives at Castlewood, and among them a dear friend of his grandfather, were most anxious that he should come to 'Colonel Esmond's house in England.' And now, accordingly, the lad made his appearance, passing under the old Gothic doorway, tripping down the steps from one garden terrace to another, hat in hand, his fair hair blowing from his flushed cheeks, his slim figure clad in mourning. The handsome and modest looks, the comely face and person, of the young lad pleased the lady. He made her a low bow which would have done credit to Versailles. She held out a little hand to him; and, as his own palm closed over it, she laid the other hand softly on his ruffle. She looked very kindly and affectionately in the honest blushing face.

"I knew your grandfather very well, Harry," she said. "So you came yesterday to see his picture, and they turned you away, though you know the house was his of right?"

Harry blushed very red. "The servants did not know me. A young gentleman came to me last night," he said, "when I was peevish, and he, I fear, was tipsy. I spoke rudely to my cousin, and would ask his pardon. Your ladyship knows that in Virginia our manners towards strangers are different. I own I had expected another kind of welcome. Was it you, madam, who sent my cousin to me last night?"

"I sent him; but you will find your cousins most friendly to you to-day. You must stay here. Lord Castlewood would have been with you this morning, only I was so eager to see you. There will be breakfast in an hour; and meantime you must talk to me. We will send to the Three Castles for your servant and your baggage. Give me your arm. Stop, I dropped my cane when you came. You shall be my cane."

"My grandfather used to call us his crutches," said Harry.

"You are like him, though you are fair."

"You should have seen—you should have seen George," said the boy, and his honest eyes welled with tears. The recollection of his brother, the bitter pain of yesterday's humiliation, the affectionateness of the present greeting—all, perhaps, contributed to soften the lad's heart. He felt very tenderly and gratefully towards the lady who had received him so warmly. He was utterly alone and miserable a minute since, and here was a home and a kind hand held out to him. No wonder he clung to it. In the hour during which they talked together, the young fellow had poured out a great deal of his honest heart to the kind new-found friend; when the dial told breakfast-time, he wondered to think how much he had told her.

The time of the story is well chosen, and we may be sure, from THACKERAY's intimate familiarity with the life and manners of 'The Georges,' that its social features will be well illustrated. We shall have, however, pictures not only of English, but also of American society during the period of the great War of Independence, and most likely be introduced to some of the leading characters of that stirring era. Already we read of 'Mr. Franklin's press at Philadelphia,' and Madam Esmond's 'young friend and neighbour, Mr. Washington, of Mount Vernon.'

Why need we speak of the spirit and style of the writing? In saying they are THACKERAY's we say enough. The finished simplicity of the word painting, the scholarly allusion, the dialogue, every sentence of which is a stroke of character, the quiet humour of retort, the keen insight and the large charity, the curled lip of scorn melting into a sad serious smile, and the deep undertone of pathos with which he expounds his favourite text, and sums up all human experience into the lore and lies which began in Paradise and will circulate with the sun to the world's end, are all exemplified, and treated in the author's best manner in these opening chapters of the *Virginians*.

We have had time only to glance through Dr. LIVINGSTONE's narrative, to be published on Tuesday next by Mr. MURRAY. The work will immediately be in thousands of hands; it is the most powerful light ever thrown upon the African interior. This week, moreover, we can only announce Mr. HUTTON's *A Hundred Years Ago*, published by Messrs. LONGMAN—a book of curious illustrations, taking the bearings of a century of English history. Mr. HUTTON has mastered the secret of popularity.

The Magazines for November, instead of supplying an antidote to the natural dreariness of the season, seem rather to suffer sympathetically from its influence. They have no marked features of special interest this month. In *Blackwood*, 'Janet's Repentance,' No. III. of 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' is concluded, but we hope the 'scenes' have not yet come to an end, as they have been from the first admirable pictures of English life, marked by rare delicacy and depth of moral insight. 'What will he do with it?' increases in interest as the story unfolds, though the incidents often violently outrage all probability. 'Cambridge and Cottonopolis' is a pleasant tourist's sketch, varied with a good deal of desultory but sensible art-criticism.

Fraser opens with an article 'About Edinburgh,' founded on a volume of dull and trashy sketches lately published under the misnomer of 'Edinburgh Dissected'; the paper in *Fraser* being only a little less dull than the volume reviewed. The paper on 'Rollers and Kingfishers' gives a graphic and interesting history of that most brilliant of British birds; and the one entitled 'Taste of the Day' contains some excellent criticism on a subject too little under the control of any recognized or rational principle of art—Ladies' Dress.

The best articles in the *Dublin University Magazine* are about Scotchmen—one on 'Alexander Smith's Poems,' and the other on 'Hugh Miller and Geology.'

The *Eclectic Review* is more vigorous than in its younger days, and continues to be the best monthly organ of the Nonconformist body. The November number has interesting papers on Indian Caste—a subject hitherto little understood—on Flemish Art, on Ancient Husbandry, and English Progress in Australia.

RIVERSTON.

Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik. 3 vols.

Smith, Elder, and Co.

MISS GEORGIANA CRAIK, daughter of Professor Craik of Belfast, and favourably known, we believe, for some smaller tales in periodicals, has here put forth a novel, which has made us wish to become acquainted with those antecedents; for it is a production of no little mark, and qualified to interest old as well as young. The chief merit of it is not in the plot, or rather plots (for there is a succession of them). Their mode of treatment is good; and it is impossible not to be interested in them, on account of the persons principally concerned; but they are from the old storehouse of infidelities and duels. The charm of the book is in its perception of character, and in the picturesqueness and force of the style. The best thing in the plot is the very successiveness to which we have alluded; for though it may be reckoned unartificial by readers accustomed to expect all the persons of the story to be brought together at the close of it, as they are in the last act of a drama, instead of being dismissed when they cease to be needed, yet this, though uncommon in novel-writing, squares with the real events of life, and so far combines novelty itself, in the rarer sense of the word, with probability. We must own, however, that we do not suspect the authoress of having intended any such merit.

Riverston is the history of a family in middle life, written by the governess who resides with it, and who herself becomes the chief female person concerned. She is a governess of very governing tendencies, with a heart nevertheless prepared to renounce them in favour of some person of the other sex, who must be as superior to men in general as she is to women; and this person she meets with in a certain 'Uncle Gilbert,' who, as the reader may guess by the appellation, is a gentleman about twice as old perhaps as herself; and he is not only so, but grim-visaged and deformed—to wit, hump-backed—and inclined on that account to quarrel with herself and with every body else who has the advantage of him, not, indeed, because of the advantage, but because of the tendency which he thinks it gives them to despise him: for the grim hunchback is an excellent-hearted fellow, and has only been rendered apparently savage by that same despair of procuring a loving partner for life, which has been secretly gnawing at the heart of the beautiful but portionless governess.

Here, the reader will see, is the old story of *Beauty and the Beast*; of the *Hunchback* in the play; and perhaps of *Æsop* himself and the fair Rhodope. But he will lose no little pleasure, if it prevent him from becoming acquainted with this variation of an old theme; for it is really excellent of its kind. A reminiscence of *Jane Eyre* and her 'master' may also be stirred in his mind; but he will do the same injustice both to himself and the authoress, if he suffer a perceivable influence from that original to blind him to the independence of Miss Craik's own powers of thinking and writing, as well as to a certain superiority on the side of feminine delicacy. Her emotional as well as reflective powers are of no ordinary description.

These two personages, however, have by no means the whole book to themselves. There is abundance, as well as subtlety, of character. There is, among others, Helen Wynter, who jilts her lover into suicide, and herself into despair and reformation; Effie, her sister, a cold-seeming nature, very loving; Sydney, another sister, who plays a game of involuntary cross purposes with her lover, each thinking the love to have been given up; Mrs. Ramsay, a sister of Uncle Gilbert's, sweet and quiet under adversity (a very pleasing portrait); and another sister, Ursula, a stupid, dictatorial woman, who thinks herself at the top of creation, solely from the absence of all ideas about it, except those of living upon her inherited comforts, of having her way, and thinking meanly of her brother's understanding for interesting himself in the poor.

But the book must speak for itself. Here is the governess's first meeting with 'uncle Gilbert,' whose surname is Kingsley:—

I saw what, as she sat, Mrs. Ramsay could not see, that a hand was opening the latched door into her garden: ere I spoke, a figure issued from it, and footsteps were directed towards the house.

"There is Mr. Kingsley!"

She looked and saw him, and a colour almost like youth came to her pale cheek: her eye lightened too, and sparkled—her whole face seemed to grow young; I scarcely knew her.

My bonnet was not on—I could not go before he entered, yet I was vexed to force myself upon their meeting. I would have gathered up my garments and hastily adjourned to the adjoining room, but she arrested my departure, bidding me stay peacefully where I was, and I had scarcely retreated to the further window, and sat me down, when Mr. Kingsley entered.

It was a quiet meeting. He advanced and stood beside her, and held both her outstretched hands in his, before he once spoke. "My dear Grace!" he said then, and he stooped down and kissed her. She simply said, "God bless you!" and if it had not been for the tones of either voice, I should have thought the mutual welcome cold.

I remember Mr. Kingsley distinctly, as he stood before me at that moment. I saw a stature slightly dwarfed, though mainly in comparison with its breadth; I saw a frame firm-knit and spare, muscular, bony, indicative of great strength; I saw a breadth of misshapen shoulder surmounted by a head of vast proportions—a head darkly adorned with a loose mane of locks, long, rich, bewildered, dusky as a night-cloud, descending almost to his shoulders, and lying thickly there, their dusky depths only stirring as the head they grew from turned or shook.

They were the offspring, as I afterwards perceived, of a double vanity; nor did they altogether fail to feed the appetite that allowed them, for they both concealed, in some measure, the deformity of the shoulders, and certainly, in a striking degree, displayed the lavish bounty with which nature had sought in this exalting of one feature to recompense him for so much robbery.

Not, however, that her sole recompense lay in these luxuriant tresses; some reparation, also, the face itself could boast. An inauspicious face it was at the first view—black, strongly marked, grim; an iron face, bound into hard, deep lines, sorrowful and stern; thus it appeared at first; but with a second glance, perception of one dark-gleaming splendour on its dusky front awoke. Until he inclined to me, I did not perceive this; but at a sudden motion towards me that he made when Mrs. Ramsay spoke my name—he turned the more sharply, inasmuch as my presence had till then been unnoticed by him—I was for a second startled, dazzled even, by the light that shone upon me. It came from two of the keenest eyes that ever had rested on my face: dark they were as a winter's night, guarded by thick projecting eyebrows, furnished

with a curtain of naturally drooping eyelids, and jetty, thick-fringed lashes, yet was the glance they flashed upon me a very flame of fire. Mildly composed, almost serene, he had appeared to me at the moment of his entrance; his face, ugly as it was, had not shocked me; his deformed figure had borne itself with a certain ease and dignity that had impressed me favourably; his whole demeanour, however, changed now at the sight of me with an almost magical celerity. Watchful, suspicious, wrathful in an instant grew the dark face; an intense consciousness of his deformity appeared to rouse itself in him, and, with this consciousness, an expression of the most morbidly keen pride and defiance that I ever saw upon a human face.

It was a transition ugly enough: I had liked him better at the first; the quiet and subdued tone of his appearance had been to my mind infinitely more full of propriety, more dignified, more touching, even, than was this second phase that he presented to me—this futile rising up in arms against his destiny—this needlessly exhibited defiance towards an imaginary or possible derision, which, whether it was called forth by anything especially obnoxious in my individual presence, or was the general front that he assumed towards strangers of whatever description, I could not but regard—apart from the little it said in favour of his temper—as savouring alike of weakness and a much too sensitive vanity.

Honor (for such is the governess's Christian name) goes quietly away, and the chapter concludes with a pleasant compliment from her to a niece of the uncle on the likeness between their eyes, which the niece has not wit enough to appreciate. But a terrible night succeeds. The governess, from some undefined feeling, becomes more than ever sensible of the hopeless isolation of her state of life, and expresses her wretchedness with affecting vehemence:—

I know not from what cause it was, but I could not sleep that night. The short hours of darkness passed, the dawn came, and still I lay wakeful and restless. Such nights of watching come to me at certain seasons: I owe them to states of the atmosphere; to states of the body; oftenest, and always then most painfully, to states of the mind.

Seldom is sleep other than coy with me. Gently I have to woo her; supplicatingly I must lie waiting her coming: often her hand will touch the door-latch, raise it, and almost seem to enter: then with a cruel caprice abruptly vanish, and leave me still wakeful for long hours.

Supplicatingly I said I waited: nay, not always in my mood suppliant. Beyond certain limits humility will not carry me; my petition long denied, I rise defiant; suing for hours in vain, I cease to implore. My vigil then grows riot with unloosed thought; I give liberty to heart and brain: I let imagination free. The morrow will bring with it its sure hours of languid pain—I know that well; abused nature then will claim restitution, but now at least I take my revenge on sleep. I laugh at her boasted power, I defy her coyness: often I rise, and half-dressed pace my room, till my wearied limbs refuse me longer obedience: in nights dark as eclipse, in wind and storm, in moon and starlight, in chill dawn and early sun-blaze, not an hour of the long winter nights, not an hour of the slow gathering splendour of summer mornings, but has seen my watch.

This night I could not sleep. I knew not if it was the morning's alarm [of a mad dog] that kept me wakeful: possibly, resenting my attempted scorn of her, Fear now chose to take revenge on me, and, holding with my weary eyelids, to teach me, that by one so frail as I her mighty power dared not be braved. Some influence doubtless there was over me, for through this night a throbbing life was in each pulse and nerve: my fancies took strange colours: shadows not of death, but of a pallid life, stretched out to long, worn-out duration, rose before me: hope paled, seeing that picture; anguish came upon me: I called aloud:—"Not living death! not life," I cried, "without life's passionate essence, be my portion! Stones for bread, and vinegar for water, give me these, oh God! if thou wilt try me, and, with thy sternness, as we here and there one draught of wine—one morsel of life-giving food; but shut my life up in no death-like cloister! send me to no frozen regions! chain me not down—my burning heart—my restless brain—in dead grey calm—lest my soul rebel."

There is more of this passionate eloquence, followed by a pious and wise patience; for Honor is not more remarkable for the strength of her feelings than for that of her good sense. The authoress has the power of projecting herself into the stormiest, and luckily, also, into the sunniest feelings of others. We wish we had room for some passages of the latter; but cannot make it. Her poor governess, though beginning with dislike of her new acquaintance, is here nevertheless in the commencement of a passion, which fortunately leads to a happy conclusion; and therein we leave her, only observing, that it occupies the best portions of the second and third volumes, and all with great subtlety of treatment. If the heroine begins with the love of power, she ends with the love of love; and if the strength of her character induces her not unwillingly to find a lover in this new sort of good Mirabeau of a man with his lion mane, his heart is what assures his triumph; for we have forgotten to mention, that she rejects a handsome young lover for his grim and elderly sake.

LIFE OF LORD BACON.

Francis Bacon of Verulam: Realistic Philosophy and its Age. By Kuno Fischer.

Translated from the German by John Oxenford. London: Longman and Co.

THIS is a remarkable and seasonable book, which deserves a hearty welcome from all English readers who care to think as well as read. It is an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation by a German professor of the English thinker, who, of all English thinkers, is most opposed to the characteristic bias of German thought. This fundamental opposition is expressed in the title of Dr. Fischer's work by the term *realistic*. German thinkers are, as a class, idealists, spiritualists, rationalists, tending to exalt intellect and pure thought over the senses and experience, just as the French are characteristically materialists, sensualists, positivists, making the senses the supreme source of knowledge and absolute criterion of truth. But the living reality which philosophy has to investigate and explain, is neither mind nor body alone, but both, and the whole action of Bacon's mind is resolutely real. What God hath joined together, he refuses to put asunder. He looks the actual truth of nature and life full in the face, and will not sacrifice a jot of the reality to accommodate a theory or meet the exigencies of a system. Nothing could well be a greater perplexity and offence to dreamers and theorists than such a habit of mind, and accordingly Bacon has in Germany been systematically misunderstood and misrepresented. Alternately treated with contempt, assailed with hostile but ignorant criticism, and denounced as an impostor, he has rarely been seriously studied, and never fairly appreciated. By some historians of philosophy he is spoken of as a person of considerable

general information and some literary ability, but as having no claim whatever to be considered a philosopher at all; others allow that he has written shrewdly about Method, but in such a desultory, immethodical way, that he could only take a very humble rank amongst thinkers. But to the system-makers, Bacon's writings have always proved the greatest perplexity. A body of thought so vast and so vital, with something of the rich variety, the fulness of life, the largeness and irregularity of nature herself, was a phenomenon they could not understand, and it is amusing enough to see how they have attempted to deal with it. Of course, it must fit in somewhere, as their system was assumed to be complete, but it was so difficult to discover exactly where the right place was. Even with the advantage of many Procrustean beds instead of one, which is the peculiarity of modern systems, it was found difficult to accommodate the English philosopher. First, on the strength of some kindly expressions towards natural magic, he was placed on the bed of the mystics, and though it proved a preposterously short one, it was determined, by stretching the passages in question, that he had certainly made the bed, and must therefore lie in it. Then, as his writings abounded with references to nature, he was crushed into the narrow bed of the metaphysical naturalists, though it was an outrage on common sense to suppose that he could stay there. Finally, after other similar efforts, the majority decided that he fitted the bed of the sensualists best, and after lopping off what was superfluous, they laid the truncated remains of his thought there in peace. Dr. Fischer thus stands alone amongst his countrymen, in having, as the volume before us proves that he has, fairly studied Bacon's works, and fully appreciated their spirit and purpose. He patiently follows the development of Bacon's thought, interprets its special significance at every step, shows what a strict connexion there is between the parts, and what a large and vital unity it possesses as a whole. He does this, too, not like a German, but like an Englishman, in a simple and natural manner, without pedantry or affectation, and in language free from technicalities of every kind. The volume sketches in outline the whole course of Bacon's thought, and is thus a valuable introduction to the study of his works. To have such a volume from Germany is certainly a good sign, one amongst many other recent ones that go to show that Bacon is now beginning to be not only read but studied, both in England and on the Continent, and what is more important still, that the deeper spirit of his writings, his heroic confidence in nature, and intense love of reality, are growingly recognized and appreciated.

Dr. Fischer commences his outline of Bacon's philosophy by a short sketch of his life and character, and he does this from the conviction that the one will necessarily throw light on the other, that a man's life furnishes to some extent a key to his writings, that in the history of every man, but especially of every distinguished man, there will be found a substantial harmony between his character and his works. Bacon's character has been a great difficulty to his biographers, and Macaulay, in his brilliant Essay, has rather increased the perplexity instead of helping to remove it. The antithesis between the moral and intellectual in the character of the hero—"the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind"—was in fact too tempting to be resisted; and yielding to the impulse of his nature, which prompts him to sacrifice truth and sobriety of statement to point and dramatic effect, Macaulay exaggerated this superficial antithesis into an insoluble problem. Dr. Fischer attempts, and as it seems to us successfully, an explanation of the apparent anomaly. He happily seizes the moral features of Bacon's character, which made him at once practically weak and intellectually strong. The following is the passage in which he points out what he takes to be the moral key of his character:—

David Hume was right when he missed in Bacon that firmness of character which we call the moral power of resistance. We know of no philosopher more elastic than Bacon. He possessed to the highest degree the power and the impulse to expand himself beyond all bounds, but the power of resistance he lacked; he yielded to a pressure, and allowed himself to be driven into a corner by the overwhelming force of circumstances. He could augment and diminish, with the same natural facility, without being affected, either in his higher or his lower position, by an excessive sensibility, which in the one case would have stimulated his pride, in the other would have too painfully depressed him. Hence it was that the man, who excelled all others in intellectual power, and imprinted a new form of mind upon his age, at the same time presented a soft material capable of receiving the impression from any hand that happened to be powerful. This elastic power constitutes, as it were, the type of his individuality, in which all his politics, his virtues as well as his foibles, harmonize with each other. Here we can perceive that his character is consistent with itself. From this point we explain the peculiar turns of his life, his vicissitudes, even his extreme aberrations.

It is perfectly evident to us that such an intellectual power, fitted as it was to strive towards a great end, and, at the same time, to penetrate into minutiae, could not fail to produce extraordinary results in the region of science; that it was especially made to awaken a new life in this region, and that, above all, it corresponded to Bacon's own scientific tendency, namely, the progression from particular to general laws. If we imagine the same power placed in the midst of social intercourse, we find that this rich, versatile mind, affable to every person, accessible to every form of life, contains within itself all the talents that constitute the agreeable companion. Bacon possessed by nature all those qualities which have a right to shine in society; he united the weighty with the light, not by deliberate art, but by dint of natural grace. His command over words was perfect, both in public orations and in private converse. According to the testimony of Ben Jonson, Bacon was an orator whom one never grew weary of hearing. But this very power, which in science and social life finds so brilliant and lofty an expression, acquires quite another aspect when its acts are of a moral kind; the moral element is for such a form of individuality the most uncongenial and the most dangerous. There is no elastic morality; and Bacon's moral nature was as elastic, as facile, as completely directed towards practical ends, and as compliant with circumstances, as his intellect. It quite accorded with the key-note of his individuality. Here is the perceptible harmony of his character, which has often escaped notice, or (as in the case of Mr. Macaulay) has been missed altogether.

We see in Bacon's moral character, as compared with his intellect, not a distinct being, but only the shadow of his individuality, which grew larger as its substance increased in power and importance. Elastic morality is lax. Moral virtue demands, above everything, a firm, tough, obstinate power of resistance, for it consists in a victorious struggle with the allurements and temptations of life. If this power of resistance has its fulcrum in the natural disposition of the individual, it is a talent. Now this moral talent was wanting in Bacon's nature; and the virtue that corre-

sponds to it was therefore wanting in his life. All the moral blemishes that disfigure his life have their real foundation in this absence of virtue; in this natural want of his scientific, and so grievously crippled his moral energies.

From Bacon's life he proceeds to his Method, the central point of which he lucidly characterizes as follows:—

Every rigid course of thought is determined by two points, that from which it proceeds, and that to which it tends; the former is the starting-point, the latter is the goal. The question is, which of these two points is first given, first apprehended in the mind; whether the thought first settles its starting-point, and then by a logical progress seeks its goal, or whether it first takes a clear view of its goal, and then considers which road it must pursue, and from what point it must set out? Logical thought is possible in both cases; but in the former case the mode of thought is different from that in the latter. There, my first thought is the premiss, and the further course of ideas consists solely of legitimate conclusions. Here, my first thought is the goal, and with respect to that my premiss is framed. Here I reason thus: this is my goal which stands as something necessary, and to be attained at all events; now such and such are the means which will bring me to that end, and these means themselves form a chain, the first link of which is my starting-point, and in this sense my premiss. Thus I reason from the goal to the starting-point. If my conclusions are rightly drawn, the course of my ideas is unquestionably logical (consequent), but its order and its direction are diametrically opposite to those of the course of ideas, which from the given starting-point proceeds to the not-given goal. Both modes of thought are legitimate, but they differ both in course and in tendency. Each has its own point of view, and a method depending upon it. If the thought tends to a principle, its guiding-point is an axiom; if it tends to a goal that is to be attained, its guiding-point is a problem. Axioms suggest deductions; problems require solution. In the one case, I ask, what will follow from this principle? In the other, how shall I solve this problem? In both cases logical and methodical thought is required. The first method may be called that of deductions, the second that of solutions; the former is the synthetic, the latter the analytic method. For every deduction is a synthesis, every solution is an analysis.

Now I maintain that a mind whose first thought is not a principle, but a problem to be solved, and which begins by proposing to itself a goal that is to be reached,—I maintain, I say, that such a mind must think analytically; and in this its natural course of ideas must be followed and represented by us. First it apprehends the problem—the goal that hovers before it in the distance—then the means of solution in a regular sequence down to the first link, which offers the scientific starting-point for the solution itself.

Such a mind was the mind of Bacon. Not a principle, but a problem constitutes the first thought and guiding-point of his whole philosophy. He first clearly apprehends his goal, then he reflects on the right means for infallibly attaining it. Through the whole course of his ideas he never turns his eyes from this goal, but always keeps it steadily in view. This setting up of goals belonged to the nature of his thought, which was therefore thoroughly analytical in its method. Bacon himself thought a he wished science in general to think; that is to say, he analyzed things.

Why, then, did he choose this one particular road, and this one particular end? Here what has just now appeared a necessary thought becomes a mere arbitrary caprice; and it is as a necessary sequence of thought that the Baconian philosophy is to be comprehended and exhibited. This is impossible, so long as it is synthetically treated; and that which to Bacon himself was an inference or an intermediate proposition is laid down as a fundamental principle. It is useless to repeat over and over again that Bacon set out from experience. We may just as well say that Columbus was a navigator, while the principal point is that he discovered America. Mere navigation was as little the leading thought of Columbus as mere experience was the leading thought of Bacon.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with the working out of Bacon's plan as seen in his works, and with a sketch of the relation in which he stands to the philosophers of the same school who succeeded him, and who have since brilliantly developed and systematized his thought.

We have only to add that Mr. Oxenford has translated the volume with his well-known ability, so that throughout it reads like an original English work.

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

Debit and Credit. A Novel. Translated from the German of Gustav Freytag, by L. C. C. With a Preface by C. C. J. Bunsen. 2 vols.

Edinburgh: Constable and Co. Debit and Credit. A Novel. By Gustav Freytag. From the Original, with the sanction of the Author, by Mrs. Malcolm. Basing.

The Chevalier Bunsen states that, upon the publication of this novel in Germany, it attained an immediate success, and went through six expensive editions in less than two years. He is profuse in his praise of the work, which is undoubtedly one of the most popular of the German school that has appeared within the century. There is room, consequently, for the versions produced at Edinburgh and in London. Mr. Constable has presented the translation of L. C. C. in the most attractive form, the book being printed clearly, on good paper, in two light volumes, prefaced by an elaborate criticism from the pen of the Chevalier Bunsen. For Mr. Bentley, however, Mrs. Malcolm has interpreted the story from the original, with apparently equal accuracy—at all events in almost identical language, except where the original is more elaborately followed—and it forms one neat volume appropriate for current and casual reading. Probably, both the translations will receive a large and immediate acceptance. The novel contains all the elements of popularity. It is fresh, rich in incident, vital with character, thought, and fancy, and in all respects an uncommon, genuine, interesting book. The humour is not broad, but quiet; the irony glances out in sudden, mild, irradiations, and the narrative is one of unbroken strength and consistency. Gustav Freytag, as the preface informs us, is not a tendency writer; he has not been seduced by the hack notion assiduously propounded in defence of didactic mediocrity, that a novel has a purpose beyond and above artistic excellence, and that it educates the conscience the literary purist objects in vain: as if the moral did not suffer when awkwardly or weakly enforced. *Soll und Haben* has a moral, but the author does not disdain being an artist. Without suggesting that this work is the expression of a formula, its object may be described to be the development of a view, insisting upon the necessity of a more Christian fusion among the different classes of society, and prophesying, for the middle orders, a future supreme preponderance in the world.

Freytag's theory is not the noblest; but it embraces many points which are included in the projects of all philanthropists and social reformers. As a novelist we are inclined to attribute to him in Germany a position somewhat resembling that of Mr. Charles Dickens in England. As a humorist he is not to be compared with him; indeed, we hardly think that Chevalier Bunsen concedes much when he rates Freytag as inferior in this respect to Cervantes and Fielding. As the preface suggests, however, the dark characters are brought out amid Rembrandt shadows; they appear and vanish like the demons in a mediæval allegory; their shapes and voices are startling, and they impress a peculiar moral horror upon certain episodes of the romance. In the typical impersonations of beauty and delicacy by Sabine and Lenore the blood is of the same warmth and brightness as that etherealized in the veins of Otilie and Mignon, pure and immortal creations as the Chevalier describes them to be. But the chief merit of the book is its reality as a picture of German life, its faithful illustration of the intercourse between classes, its assortment of representative characters. The hero, Anton, or Anthony, as we find the name varied in the translations, with Lenore or Leonora, is the model personage of the drama, and we are told that, in homage to this conception, hundreds of fathers belonging to the higher classes have placed the work in the hands of their sons as a testimony to the dignity and high importance attributed to the social position they are called upon to occupy. Anton is not an ideal, although a portrait toned and polished after a noble design; he is natural in his excellences and his frailties, the one principle worked out in his character being that of undeviating honesty accompanying perseverance and ambition. His antetype is *Veitel Itzig*, a sort of malignant, irreclaimable *Oliver Twist*, educated to be a disciple of Jews, and a conqueror of the craft that first entangles him; he finds, as he fancies, his ultimate development as the son-in-law and heir of his master. Rosalie, daughter of the broker *Ehrenthal*, becomes the bride of the boy who once offered an impudent petition on the step in front of her father's door. This leads to one of the few passages of moralizing rhetoric in the novel; we quote it from Mrs. Malcolm's version:—

Lay aside your bridal attire, beautiful Rosalie, throw your golden bracelet with turquoises into the darkest corner of the house, where mould covers the walls, and no ray of light falls on gold, or precious jewels. The jewels will turn pale, in the course of years; the wood-louse will settle in the links of the bracelet, and glide through the golden rings. Long-legged spiders will crawl over and spin their webs upon it, to surprise simple flies in the dark. Fling the bracelet far from you, for every grain of gold in it has been paid for by a rogues. Take off your nuptial robe, and wrap up your beautiful body in mourning, tear the flowers from your hair, pluck off the leaves, and throw them out into night, as sport for the cold night wind. Watch them how they flutter in the light of the window, and disappear in the dark; they fall down into the dirt of the streets, and the foot of the passers-by covers them with mud. You will celebrate no betrothal, no wedding with your promising bridegroom; you will soon hurry through the streets with your head bent down, and wherever you pass, people will jog each other and whisper, "That is his bride." And when the time comes, when your mother's hopes saw you in the residence, in the enjoyment of your honeymoon, you will inhabit a foreign town to which you will fly, to escape from the scorn of the malicious. You will not die of grief, and your cheeks will not grow pale; you are handsome, your father has collected much money; you will find more than one who will be ready to be Itzig's successor. It will be your fate to fall to one who will marry you for your money, and you will despise him from the first day of your marriage, and will suffer him as you would a disease that the physician cannot cure. You will wear new dresses of bright silk, and other trinkets will cling on your arm, and the object of your life will be to walk about as a dressed-up doll, comparing your husband jeeringly with other men. But the money which old *Ehrenthal* has collected for his children, with a thousand anxieties, by usury and cunning, will again roll from one hand into another, will serve the good and the bad, and will flow into the mighty stream of capital whose current preserves and embellishes the life of man, makes nations and commonwealths great, and individuals prosperous, or miserable, according to their actions.

There is a shadow behind Rosalie in her yellow bridal dress. It is that of Justice, and Itzig has not even time to take home his betrothed. We give the scene in L. C. C.'s version:—

As he neared the inn he saw a dark shadow at the door. The little lawyer had often stood there in the dark, waiting for *Veitel's* return. Was he standing there now and waiting? The wretched fugitive started back, then approached—the door was fast, he stepped in, but the shadow rose again behind him and stood at the door. *Veitel* took off his boots and crept up-stairs, groped in the dark for a room-door, opened it with trembling hand, and took down a bunch of keys from the wall, with which he hurried to the gallery, hearing, as if at a great distance, the long-drawn breath of sleeping men. He stood at the door of the staircase, a violent shudder convulsed him as he went down step after step. When he first put his foot into the water he heard a lamentable groan. He clung to the banisters as that other had done, and looked down. Again there was a groan, and he now found out it was only his own breathing. He felt the depth of the water with his foot. It had risen since that time—it was higher than his knee—but he found a footing, and stood safely in the stream.

The night was dark, the rain still came down, the mist hung thick over the houses—a cable, a paling, peeping out here and there; the water rushed along, the only sound to break the silence of the night, and in this man's ear it roared like thunder. He felt all the torments of the lost, while wading on and groping for his way. He had to cling to the slippery palings, in order not to sink. He reached the staircase of the next house, felt in his pockets for the key—one swung round the corner, and his foot would be on the lowest step. Just as he was about to turn he started back, his right foot fell into the water; he saw a dark stooping figure on the staircase. There it sat motionless. He knew the outline of the old hat; dark as it was, he could see the ugly features of the well-known face. He wiped his eyes, he waved his hands to dispel it; it was no illusion, the spectre sat there a few steps off. At length the horrible thing stretched out a hand towards him. The murderer started back, his foot slipped off the platform, he fell up to his neck in water. There he stood in the stream, the wind howling over him, the water rushing ever louder and louder. He raised his hands, his eyes still fixed upon the vision. Slowly it rose from its seat—it moved along the platform, it stretched out its hand. He sprang back horror-stricken into the stream—a fall, a loud scream, the short drowning struggle, and all was over. The stream rolled on, and carried the corpse away.

Towards this tragedy the story is worked with admirable art, a parallel line being occupied by Anthony, who makes his way, so to speak, by counteracting Itzig. Thus a high moral purpose is kept in view, while the nar-

rator does not forget that he is an artist. From the relation of his career, as translated by Mrs. Malcolm, we quote a singularly characteristic passage descriptive of his installation as clerk in the great firm of T. O. Schroeter. The senior clerks are deputed to acquaint him with the fact of his promotion:—

But Herr Specht jumped up and stopped him. "We are not pigs," he said, stretching out his hand before the door; "we are not wild beasts, to rush in such a disorderly way to receive a new colleague, as if he were one of a herd. I beseech you to think of the honour of our Firm. It is necessary that a deputation of two should go to him, and at least two bowls of punch be made; and Jordan must welcome him with a speech."

This motion met with applause. Herr Liebold and Herr Pix were chosen to bring in the new colleague. Herr Specht inspected the room with searching eyes, arranged the tables, placed the chairs in a semicircle on both sides, fetched bottles and glasses, and placed on a tobacco-box in the middle of the table a green paper-mâché knight carrying a gilt sword. Then he fetched a carpet and laid it between the door and the company, that *Wohlfart* might stand on it like a bride before the altar. He exhausted all his eloquence to get candles and lamps from the rooms of his colleagues, and collected them together in a group. Finally, he drew down the blinds, closed the coloured curtains, and produced, first, an artificial dusk, and then an uncommonly brilliant light, which was accompanied by a strong smell of lamps. Thus he succeeded in giving the room a strange and mysterious appearance; the others at first only looked on, but afterwards, carried away by the example of his zeal, they assisted him actively. At last he allowed the deputation to go up-stairs, and a vague recollection having come across him of the imposing appearance of the Roman senate who sat motionless in their chairs when the enemies of Rome entered, he urgently implored those who remained to sit silent and immovable in their places in a circle. When the door opened, and the astonished *Wohlfart*, who had not an idea of what was going on, appeared between his two guides, one of whom, Herr Pix, brought with practical forethought Anthony's sugar-canister, and the other carried his now-gay, the Roman senate vanished from the imagination of Herr Specht, and the three wise men or holy kings, with their gifts, Christmas, and Christian ceremonies took its place. He sprang up in an ecstasy and exclaimed, "Let all stand up."

By this change of ceremonial he unluckily spoiled the effect of the scene, as only one part of the gentlemen followed his example, the others remained sitting. Then Herr Jordan went up to Anthony, and said with hearty cordiality, "Dear *Wohlfart*, you have been working with us for two years, you have taken pains to learn the business, and you have won our affection. It is the wish of the Principal, and ours, that the customary term of probation should be shortened for you. Herr Schroeter intends to receive you to-morrow as one of the regular clerks, and we are allowed the pleasure of informing you of it to-day. We heartily wish you joy, and trust that we may ever continue friends." Here the kind-hearted Jordan ended his address, and offered his hand to his pupil.

Anthony stood for a moment bewildered, then seized it with both his, and, overpowered with happiness, threw his arms round his neck. The other colleagues then gathered round him, and there followed a shaking of hands and embracing unexampled in the annals of the Jordan room. Again and again Anthony went from one to the other shaking hands with tears in his eyes. Specht did not even regret the ruin of his ceremonial by this ebullition of feeling in the new colleague; Bauman sat delighted in a corner with his hands over his knees; Pix offered our hero his cigar twice in the course of five minutes, and even held the candle for him to light it. All were in the best humour; the colleagues were proud of having a share in giving him such an important privilege, and Anthony was charmed to receive such kindness. He sat in state in an easy chair placed for him by his friend Specht, before him stood the green knight in the midst of the bunch of roses, saluting him with his gilt sword, and around him were his colleagues, all endeavouring to add to his enjoyment. Herr Pix rose and proposed the health of Anthony with an eloquence unusual to him: he described how he had come to them as a mere baby, who was as ignorant of the difference between a pen-holder and a cinnamon-stalk as a greenfinch is of the art of making coffee, and how he had made such striking progress in so short a time by means of the great scales, which had been, as it were, a cradle to him, and of the packer who had nursed him, and by the co-operation of another individual whom modesty prevented him from naming. Then Anthony rose and proposed the health of his colleagues. He told them how alarmed he was when he for the first time opened the office-door. He reminded Herr Pix of the black brush with which he had pointed out the way to him, Herr Specht of his habitual question, "What is your pleasure?" and Herr Jordan of the over-sleeves which he had put away when he conducted the new comer to his room. These playful allusions to the distinguished attributes of the three gentlemen were received with great applause. Toast followed toast, and, to the astonishment of all, even the quick *Birnbaum*, clerk of the customs, displayed an extraordinary gift of nature, for, after the third glass, he actually spouted some rhymes, the company became more and more merry, the lights shone brighter, and the cheeks assumed a more rosy hue.

The best part of this is omitted from the translation by L. C. C., which in a few chapters seems to bear marks of abridgment. We can scarcely suspect Mrs. Malcolm of amplifying. It would perhaps detract from the reader's enjoyment were we to tell more of the story; but it would lead him on by its originality of detail, even if he were familiar with the plot and catastrophe.

ANCIENT HUSBANDRY.

Lectures on Roman Husbandry. Delivered before the University of Oxford by Charles Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S. Oxford: Parker.

DR. DAUBENY takes up the history of Agriculture as the science was developed by Columella. Perhaps at some future time he may trace it to remoter sources, within the light of Hesiod's simpler learning, and interest his Oxford audience in the labours of those early husbandmen, who first prized the rich loam soils on the banks of the Stymphean and Copaic lakes, who learned to distinguish the earth that is soon crusted by the sun from that which is friable, black, and porous, and who judged of land by ascertaining whether it produced the lotus, the reed, or the basket-rush. They knew where to find springs, and how to estimate an argillaceous district. To this day, in the south of France, men are held in high estimation who possess the art of discovering hidden waters, and that was an old Grecian invention; it is a curious circumstance that one of the methods described by the most ancient authors is precisely the same as that now employed by certain tribes of Africa. They ascend to a hill-top before sunrise, and when the warmth of the dawn begins to glow, they observe where exhalations rise. The Attic farmer, moreover, understood the processes of artificial irrigation, the tokens of the weather, the agricultural signification of stars,

clouds, swarms of insects, the colours painted on the sky by the setting sun, the ground fogs round Hymettus, the vapours on the Capharean peaks. He judged from circles round the moon, meteors, rainbows, bubbles on the surface of a river, the cry of the crane or chaffinch, the flight of island birds, the roll of dolphins, the creeping of the land toad into his pool, the burning of the candle-wick, and a hundred other natural omens. But it was in the processes of agriculture that the Greek ingenuity most conspicuously displayed itself. The farmer, if wealthy, kept smiths, carpenters, and potters' works upon his land, and constructed his own waggons—with illex axles, maple yokes for the oxen, poplar or mulberry fellows in the wheels. His harrow and plough were of primitive design up to a late age, he crushed his corn in a mortar, which the Arab of to-day might be supposed to have copied from Attica; his minor implements were numerous and varied; he applied manure to the soil, and justly appreciated the qualities of guano. Few improvements have been made on the manure-pits of ancient Greece. Following the husbandman through the successive stages of his industry, from planting to reaping, we note a considerable number of practices, often stated to be inventions of modern times, and some which have fallen into desuetude; as, for example, when a young girl walked naked round a meadow, with a live fowl in her hands, to blight the choke-weed and rest-harrow. Whatever result was produced by this innocent incantation, the corn, at the rising of the Pleiades, and when the May-garlands where hung upon Athenian doors, assumed a deep gold colour, and the sickles were sharpened in Salamis and Achaia. Then, the produce was laid up in granaries reared on lofty basements, the floors being newly swept and smeared with oil, or sprinkled with the ashes of oaken twigs; and lastly, the Thalusian festival took place, equivalent to our Harvest Home. The Greek authors supply a singular abundance of details on the floriculture of their contemporaries, on the artificial blanching of roses, on the planting of garlic near their roots with the fanciful intention of enhancing their fragrance, on the immersion of lily-bulbs in cinnabar dye and purple wine, on the use of myrtle-berries as fruit, on the cultivation of stoneless peaches, piebald figs, and almonds bearing natural inscriptions. But the Geoponica is not more delusive than Pliny, nor did simplicity die with the traders in Chelidonian or Philabeian fruits. In his view of Roman husbandry, Dr. Daubeny indicates many similar points, occasionally, indeed, illustrating his subject by a Greek example: like the Greeks, the Romans prized above all other kinds the manure yielded by birds, rejecting that of the aquatic species, unless mixed with superior qualities. The sweepings of dovescots were highly valued. He does not mention that the Romans manured their vineyards, after the Greek fashion, with powdered lentils, acorns, and other vegetable substances.

In his notice of the Roman gardens Dr. Daubeny enters into an interesting disquisition on the flowers known to the ancients. The picture, in Greece, is made up of glimpses; in Rome we have more detailed descriptions. As Dr. Daubeny remarks, the use of chaplets necessitated the cultivation of flowers, although 'winter coronets' were made from shavings variously dyed, which afterwards gave way to gold and silver. Moreover, a realm in the antique mythology was peopled with the spirits of plants and flowers, rendering them sacred; the laurel, the cypress, the myrtle, and the pine swayed their legendary shadows over the mint, which Pluto loved, and the rose campion from the bath of Venus. Among fruits he considers that the melon was unknown before the times of Pliny and Columella; but we remember, we think, earlier allusions to a plan for perfuming it by keeping the seed in a bed of rose-leaves. Very possibly, however, there is a confusion between the names of the melon and the cucumber. We have been disappointed to find him keeping so closely within Columella's limits as to say nothing of apple and pear orchards, or of the quinces esteemed as fragrant as violets. The peach, he observes, was brought from Persia, and Columella alludes to the fable of its poisonous qualities. "Could this mistake arise," asks Dr. Daubeny, "from a knowledge of the poisonous properties of the prussic acid existing in the kernels of the peach?" It may be observed that a notion prevailed in Egypt, probably referring to the secret of the Psylli, that a citron eaten early in the morning was an antidote against all kinds of poison. Its juice, injected into the veins, would have a similar effect. Blackberries, when perfectly ripe, were eaten by the Romans, and by the Greeks; were considered a preventative of gout. Bitter almonds, it was thought, checked intoxication, and there is somewhere an anecdote about the physician of the Emperor Tiberius, who, if he had eaten his usual quantity of this fruit, would drink three bottles of strong wine, but otherwise easily succumbed. With what the Athenians would have called his *amygdalocatactes*—a word we recommend to our art-manufacturers—before him, he was not afraid of something more powerful than a Coptic draught.

Dr. Daubeny's lectures are interesting and likely to be useful. They display great learning, care, and critical and scientific sagacity.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE EAST.—A thick blue-book, of three hundred pages, issued last Saturday, contains the report of the proceedings of the Sanitary Commission despatched by Lord Panmure to the seat of war in the East (1855-6). It goes over the grounds so often trodden during the war, and makes various suggestions with reference to the sanitary condition of armies.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

ALLON.—November 1, the wife of the Rev. H. Allon of St. Mary's-road, Canonbury: a daughter.

BECK.—November 3, at the Parsonage, High Beech, Essex, the wife of the Rev. L. A. Beck: a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

LENNOX—HUTCHESON.—At Catel, Guernsey, Major Augustus Lennox, Royal Artillery, son of Lord George Lennox, to Amy, daughter of Joshua Priault, Esq., of Candle, and widow of Thomas Hutcheson, Esq.

TENCH—HARGRAVES.—At Edge-hill, Liverpool, Richard Tench, Esq., of Ludlow, to Elizabeth Alice, daughter of the late Captain John Hargraves, of Liverpool.

DEATHS.

ASHBURNER.—Killed, at Cawnpore, by the mutineers, Lieut. Burnet Ashburner, Bengal Artillery, son of William Page Ashburner, Esq., formerly of Bombay, and grandson of the Dowager Lady Forbes, of Newe.

CROWLEY.—On the 4th inst., while on a visit to his brother-in-law, at 6, Bloomfield-street, Finsbury-circus, Nicholas Joseph Crowley, Esq., R.H.A., of 13, Upper Fitzroy-street, and late of Leeson-street, Dublin.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, November 3.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.—CHARLES STARKET, Brunswick-wharf, Agar-town, dust contractor—MARY BROWN, Kinfair, Staffordshire, grocer and provision dealer.

BANKRUPTS.—JOHN MARTIN, 405, Strand, victualler—WILLIAM BENNETT, 14, Great Newport-street, Newport-

THORNDALE.

Thorndale; or, The Conflict of Opinions. By William Smith, Author of "Aethelwald: a Drama," &c. Blackwood and Sons.

Thorndale is a book of thoughts. It contains a story of strong human interest, yet the narrative, the characters, the situations are but accessories to the writer's philosophical analysis of passions and opinions, influencing a nervous, cultivated, intensely sad, and speculative mind. The work is constructed upon a peculiar plan. First, the author describes himself as the friend of Thorndale, who, upon hearing himself condemned as a consumptive patient, went to Naples to die. There, on the slope of Posilipo, in an exquisite villa secluded among the scented orange shadows, he dwelt alone, thinking of life and death, and their unnumbered mysteries. Gradually a desire to write stole upon him, but fitfully was it accomplished. Sometimes the manuscript was burned; again it grew under his hand; lastly, when it had become a whole, he concealed it on the roof of the house, and went away, to sink under his malady. His friend, coming to Posilipo, found the unprinted record of many passages in Thorndale's story. Hence this volume. Mr. Smith, while professing to leave the fragmentary episodes in their original condition, attributes to himself the arrangement of books and chapters. The books are headed, severally—The Last Retreat; the Retrospect; Cynic, or the Modern Cistercian; Seckendorf, or the Spirit of Denial; or Clarence, or the Utopian. A second part presents the confession of faith of an Eclectic and Utopian Philosopher, with sections on the development of the individual consciousness and on the development of society. It will be seen from this that *Thorndale* is not an ordinary romance. It deals with the abstract, not the concrete. Its chapter on "truisms" and considerations on beauty, its semi-allegorical digressions, its rich clusterings of parable and metaphor, mark it with originality. The dialogues of Seckendorf and his friend introduce some of the most profound of the problems upon which the author has worked—the faiths of the world, the nature of progress, the characteristics of the animal creation generally, and especially of man. But it is in the Eclectic and Utopian Confession of Faith that the subtlest disquisitions are set forth on the existence of a God, on sensation, space, pain, pleasure, appetite, association of ideas, personal identity, the moral sentiments, and the soul, the theory reaching its climax in a final reference of all things to the Divine idea or the Divine power of being. These passages trace the development of the individual consciousness. In those which treat of the advancement of society, Mr. Smith discusses the various forms of civilization in antiquity, slavery, wages, partnership, religion, and the several modern mythological conceptions of the Deity. All this is written in a style of calm, reflective refinement, a gloss of freshness, and a warmth of vitality suffusing even the most recondite speculations. We have been much pleased with *Thorndale*. It is remarkable as a philosophical study. The writer thinks for himself, and says what he thinks. He is familiar also with the large range of conflicting opinions in our own times, and sets them fairly in order of battle, without distortion or suppression. Such a book must necessarily have a salutary effect. The story is placed, moreover, within a very elegant framework, its idealisms harmonizing admirably with the terraces and light glimpses of water, the statues, urns, and bosquets of the Italian hill. When Thorndale writes, "Very exquisite is this harmony between the distant and near, I look through the branches of this graceful tree and see a star amongst them," we are reminded of the beautiful Claude landscape to the midst of which the lonely student has retired to dream and die. Very apposite, also, and very graceful is his argument on the sublimity of mountains, which, though barren and bleak, reflect softer tints from the sun than roses or violets. The legend of Bramah relates that once the Naked Mountains complained of their desolation, and the divinity answered, "The very light shall clothe thee, and the shadow of a passing cloud shall be as a royal mantle. More verdure would be less light. Thou shalt share in the azure of heaven, and the youngest and whitest cloud of a summer sky shall nestle in thy bosom." This is Indian and poetical, like the rest of *Thorndale*, which is here and there touched with Oriental mysticism.

Portfolia.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourages itself.—GOETHE.

THE WOODSPRING PAPERS.

Being the Letters of Joseph Andrews Wilson, Esq., from London, to his friends at Woodspring, Somersetshire, relating the most remarkable events of the day, with incidents and particulars not elsewhere published.

The commencement of these Papers is unavoidably postponed until next Saturday.

market, grocer—FREDERICK NOAKE BAKER, Southampton, coal and slate merchant—MARY ANN AKERS, Brimscombe, Oxfordshire, baker and grocer—FREDERICK WILLIAM COLE, Southampton, grocer and baker—JOHN HENDRY, 7, Weymouth-street, Hackney-road, back and vat maker—HENRY COCKBURN, King-street, Richmond, watchmaker, silversmith, and jeweller—TERTIUS D'OYLEY PAINE, Medical-hall, King-street, hammersmith, chemist and druggist—JOHN SIMES, 34, George-street, Portman-square, painter, paperhanger, and glider—SAMUEL TOWERS, 21, Finsbury-street, Hoxton, looking-glass manufacturer—FRANCIS HILL, Withy-bank, Oldswinford, Worcestershire, commission agent—JOHN HOWL, Darlaston, Staffordshire, screw bolt manufacturer—RICHARD AUSTIN, Coventry, furniture dealer and auctioneer—WILLIAM PECK SWIFT, Bourne, Lincolnshire, grocer—WILLIAM NATHAN SYKES, Corp. & Wellington street, Goswell-street, Middlesex, and Finsbury-street, Nottingham, wholesale tobacconist and cigar merchant—JOHN CURTIS and HENRY HURST SAYER, Cardiff, Glamorganshire, general provision merchants—WILLIAM CUMMING, Plymouth, brewer and spirit merchant—WILLIAM WHITE, Plymouth, dealer in seeds—ALEXANDER RUTTER, Sheffield, saw manufacturer—HUGH ROBERTS, Gorard, near Holyhead, corn dealer—PHILIP ESKELIN, Princess-street, Manchester, general dealer—JAMES MOSE

HOUSE, Jun. Summerset, near Bury, Lancashire, cotton spinner and manufacturer.—GEORGE TUCK, South Shields, Newcastle.

COACH REQUISITIONS.—R. MACROBIE, Glasgow, veterinary surgeon and horse dealer.—Messrs. W. and J. SMITH, Hamilton, upholsterers and cabinet makers.—J. BROUGH, Chief, porter and ale dealer and merchant.—W. WARDLAW and Co., Glasgow and Manchester, merchants.—J. and T. MITCHELL, PARTICK, and BROOMLOAN, Govan, flower, market gardeners, and carters.—W. A. BLACKLEY, 25, Tolbooth Wynd, Leith, boot and shoe manufacturer.

Friday, November 6.

BANKRUPTS.—HENRY HINE, Piccadilly, outfitter.—JACOB MARTIN VAN WINKLE, Pottery, tavern keeper.—BENJAMIN FLETCHER HUNTON, Nottingham, timber merchant.—WILLIAM BRILLFORD, Nottingham, smallware dealer.—GEORGE BROWN, Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, draper.—THOMAS W. GILBERT, Limehouse, sail maker and draper.—JOHN COOKS and JOHN COOKS, Darby's-hill, Oakham, Lancashire, cowkeepers.—JOHN ASTON, Stourbridge, Staffordshire, victualler.—OWEN STUGGIS, College-terrace, Finch-street, St. John's-wood, builder.—GEORGE BOYS, Park-street, Bromley, upholsterer.—THOMAS BINGHAM, Holbeach, Marylebone, draper.—ELIZABETH ROGERS, Westminster-bridge-road, hosier.—MARY WHITE, Poplar, coal and corn dealer.—HUGH ROBERTS, Holyhead, corn dealer.—JOHN MARSHALL DOLBY, Market Rasen, Lincoln, chemist.—HENRY GILES, Limehouse, stone mason agent.—THOMAS BURN BRIDGES, Bradford, druggist.—SIMON COLEMAN, Kingston-on-Hull, tailor.—FRANCIS MEREDITH CAPORN, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—RICHARD TOMLIN, Castle-street, Leicester-square, licensed victualler.—JAMES SAMUEL WILLIAMS TOMES, and ALBERT THOMAS TULL, Beech-street, Barbican, fancy box manufacturers.

Commercial Affairs.

London, Friday Evening, November 6.

In 1847, the last panic year, the Bank rate was 8 to 9 per cent, and the Funds fell to 70. In 1857, with money at 9 per cent, and a panic in America, such as Wall-street has never yet seen, Consols are 84. The pressure on commercial men is as yet bravely met, but it is impossible that they can hold out over Christmas. Should the Bank, as indeed is not impossible, find it necessary to raise the rate to 10 per cent., to check the efflux of gold, it would tend to precipitate matters. The Joint Stock Banks would feel the pressure, and might throw a considerable amount of Stock and Shares on the market. This might temporarily depress Consols, but as yet it seems that there is a greedy public, that will retire from less hazardous investments, and seek peace in the safety of British shares. The depression has been considerable in Foreign Stocks and Railroads, and in American securities, and of course in our own heavy railway shares. Great Western have fallen 2 per cent, below 50, a heavy discount on the original shares.

Caledonians have given way at last, and are 37½ to 37, nearly ten per cent, fall the last five weeks. The demand for money in the Stock Exchange has not been excessive. Outside there has been a full demand all the week.

The Bank returns must come bad to-morrow. The fact of the Bank of France not raising the rate at the same time as the Bank of England, does not seem to influence public opinion here; it is generally understood now that the proceedings of financial directors in France is no true index of the actual state of monetary affairs in that country.

Mining shares and miscellaneous have been much neglected. Omnibus shares have had a sensible fall.

Blackburn, 8½; Caledonian, 75½; 70½; Chester and Holyhead, 20, 21; Eastern Counties, 52, 53; Great Northern, 92½; Great Southern and Western (Ireland), 98, 100; Great Western, 48½; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 91, 94; London and Blackwall, 54, 54; London, Brighton, and South Coast, 100, 102; London and North-Western, 94, 94; London and South-Western, 86½, 87; Midland, 81, 81; North-Eastern (Berwick), 80½, 80; South-Eastern (Dover), 62, 63; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 54, 6; Dutch Rhine, 64, 64; Eastern of France (Paris and Strasbourg), 24, 26; Great Central of France, —; Great Luxembourg, 51, 6; Northern of France, 34½, 34; Lyons, 33, 32; Royal Danish, —x.d.; Royal Swedish 4½; Sambre and Meuse, 64, 7.

CORN MARKET.

Mark-lane, Friday, November 6.

NOTWITHSTANDING the continued dearth of money, the Wheat trade throughout the country has been firmer, and in many markets prices have advanced. Malting Barley has, however, declined 2s. and grinding 1s. per quarter; but Oats have not given way though the supplies have been considerable. The American orders have not been executed, although limits as high as 50s., cost and freight, for red Wheat had been sent out.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK.

(CLOSING PRICES).

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	210	210	209	210	209	210
3 per Cent. Red.	89	89	89	88½	87½	87½
3 per Cent. Con. An.	90½	90½	89½	89	88½	88½
Consols for Account	90½	90½	89½	88½	88½	88½
New 3 per Cent. An.	89½	89½	88½	88½	87½	87½
New 2½ per Cent.	—	—	—	—	—	—
Long Ann. 1860	—	—	—	—	—	—
India Stock	210	210	210	210	210	210
Disto Bonds, £1000	—	—	—	—	—	—
Disto, under £1000	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ex. Bills, £1000	15 d	15 d	10 d	10 d	15 d	25 d
Disto, £500	10 d	10 d	—	—	—	25 d
Disto, Small	13 d	13 d	9 d	13 d	9 d	25 d

FOREIGN FUNDS.

LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.

Brazilian Bonds.	90½	Portuguese 4 per Cents.	—
Banco Ayres 6 per Cents.	82½	Russian Bonds, 5 per	—
Chilian 6 per Cents.	102	Cents.	105
Chilian 3 per Cents.	—	Russian 4½ per Cents.	97
Dutch 4½ per Cents.	64	Spanish.	25½
Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.	97½	Spanish Committee Cer-	—
Ecuador Bonds.	—	of Coup. not fun.	5
Mexican Account.	—	Turkish 6 per Cents.	86½
Peruvian 4½ per Cents.	76½	Turkish New, 4 ditto.	97½
Portuguese 3 per Cents.	42½	Venezuela 4½ per Cents.	—

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—M. JULIEN'S CONCERTS.—MADLIE. JETTY

TREFF every Night during the week.
The Indian Quadrille and General Havelock's Triumphal March, dedicated to the Heroes of India, will be produced on Monday next, November 9.
Promenade, 1s.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d. and upwards, can be secured at the Box-office at the Theatre, where Prospectuses, with full particulars, may be obtained; at all the Libraries; and at Julien and Co's, 214, Regent-street.

SIX LECTURES OF THE SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION, intended to explain the objects of the department and of the South Kensington Museum, will be delivered in the new Theatre on Monday evenings,

November 16.

On the Functions of the Science and Art Department. By Henry Cole, Esq., C.B., Secretary and General Superintendent.

November 23.

On the Gift of the Sheepshanks Gallery in aid of forming a National Collection of British Art. By R. Redgrave, Esq., R.A., Inspector General for Art.

November 30.

On Science Institutions in connexion with the Department. By Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., Inspector General for Science.

December 7.

On the Central Training School for Art. By Richard Burchett, Esq., Head Master.

December 14.

On the Museum of Ornamental Art. By J. C. Robinson, Esq., Keeper of the Museum of Ornamental Art.

December 21.

On a National Collection of Architectural Art. By James Fergusson, Esq., M.R.S.A., Manager of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

A Registration Fee of One Shilling will give admission to the whole course of Six Lectures. Tickets may be obtained at the Museum and Offices, and at Messrs. Chapman and Hall, 133, Piccadilly.

EXETER HALL.—INDIA.—Rev. Mr.

BELLEW.—THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12th.—Mr. MITCHELL begs to announce that the Rev. J. M. BELLEW has consented to Repeat the LECTURE upon INDIA—Past, Present, and Future, on Thursday Evening, November 12th, the proceeds of which will be handed over to the Indian Relief Fund. Admission to the whole of the West Gallery, the Orchestra, and under the Gallery, ONE SHILLING; a few Reserved and Numbered Seats, near the Platform, Five Shillings; Reserved Seats (not Numbered), Three Shillings. Tickets may be obtained at the Office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall; Mr. Carter's, Carlton Library, 12, Regent-street; Pentum's Music Warehouse, 78, Strand; Keith, Prowse, and Co's Music Warehouse, 43, Cheapside; and at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—POLYGRAPHIC HALL, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

—Open every Evening, commencing at 8, and on Saturday, in a Morning Entertainment, commencing at Three.—Seats can be secured at Mr. Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street, and at the Hall.—Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.

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—These wonderful productions have now become so appreciated in every part of the world, that they form a complete household treasure. The worst cases of ulcers, wounds, and every variety of skin disease, for which so many remedies have been tried without effect, readily succumb to their power; they act so miraculously upon the system, as to be considered a complete phenomena in the healing art. For this reason they are advocated by all modern practitioners, after everything else has proved unsuccessful.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the world; at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishments, 248, Strand, London; 211, 8, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stampa, Constantinople; A. Guidice, Smyrna; and E. Muir, Malta.

A NEW HAIR DYE—MAKE YOUR OWN.

A CHEMIST has succeeded in producing a LIQUID HAIR DYE, the Receipt for which he will forward to any using a Dye. It is easily applied, superior to any in use, without the least tinge of green or purple, does not wash out, is perfectly harmless, and acts as a stimulant to the growth of the hair.

For terms, address, M.D., Parwich, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

HAIR-CURLING FLUID, 1, LITTLE

QUEEN-STREET, HIGH HOLBORN.—ALEX. ROSS'S CURLING FLUID saves the trouble of putting the hair into papers, or the use of curling irons; for immediately it is applied to either ladies' or gentlemen's hair a beautiful and lasting curl is obtained. Sold at 3s. 6d. Sent free (under cover) for 54 stamps.—ALEX. ROSS'S LIQUID HAIR DYE is of little trouble in application, perfect in effect, and economical in use. Sold at 3s. 6d. Sent free in a blank wrapper, the same day as ordered, for 54 stamps. Alex. Ross's Depilatory removes superfluous hair from the face, neck, and arms. 3s. 6d. per bottle; sent free for 54 stamps; or to be had of all chemists.

A NEW DISCOVERY, whereby Artificial

Teeth and Gums are fitted with absolute perfection and success hitherto unattainable. No springs or wires, no extraction of roots, or any painful operation. This important invention perfects the beautiful art of the dentist; a closeness of fit and beauty of appearance being obtained equal to nature. All imitations should be carefully avoided, the genuine being only supplied by Messrs. GABRIEL, the old-established Dentists, from 3s. 6d. per Tooth—Sets, 4s. Observe name and number particularly, 33, Ludgate-hill, London (five doors west of the Old Bailey); and 134, Duke-street, Liverpool. Established 1804.

Prepared White Gutta Percha Enamel, the best Stopping for decayed Teeth, renders them sound and useful in mastication, no matter how far decayed, and effectually prevents Toothache.—In boxes, with directions, at 1s. 6d.; free by post, 20 stamps. Sold by most Chemists in Town and Country. Ask for Gabriel's Gutta Percha Enamel.—See opinions of the Press thereon.

ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE IN IMPERIAL PINTS.

HARRINGTON, PARKER, and CO., are now delivering the October Brewings of the above celebrated Ale. Its surpassing excellence is vouched for by the highest medical and chemical authorities of the day. Supplied in bottles, also in casks of 15 gallons and upwards, by HARRINGTON, PARKER, and CO., Wine and Spirit Merchants, 51, Pall-mall, May, 1857.

SISAL CIGARS! SISAL CIGARS!! at

Goodrich's Cigar, Tobacco, and Snuff Stores, 407, Oxford-street, London, near Soho-square. Box, containing 14, for 1s. 9d.; post free, six stamps extra; 1b. boxes, containing 100, 12s. 6d. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. Goodrich."

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And pronounced by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS to be THE FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.
Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.

MAJOR'S IMPROVEMENTS IN VETERINARY SCIENCE.

"If progress is daily made in Medical Science by those whose duty it is to study the diseases to which the human flesh is heir, it would seem that improvements in Veterinary art quite keep pace with it, as is manifest on a visit to the well-known Horse Infirmary of Mr. Major, in Cockspur-street. Here incipient and chronic lameness is discovered and cured with a facility truly astonishing, while the efficacy of the remedies, and the quickness of their action, appear to have revolutionised the whole system of flogging and blistering. Among the most recent proofs of the cure of spavins by Mr. Major, we may mention Carnobie, the winner of the Metropolitan, and second favourite for the Derby, and who is now as sound as his friends and backers could desire. And by the advertisement of Mr. Major's pamphlet in another column, we perceive that other equally miraculous cures are set forth, which place him at the head of the Veterinary art in London."—Globe, May 10, 1856.

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LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,

Prescribed by the most eminent Medical Practitioners as the most speedy and effectual remedy for CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, DIABETES, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, NEURALGIA, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Contains iodine, phosphate of lime, volatile fatty acids—in short, all the most essential curative properties—in much larger quantities than the Pale Oils manufactured in Great Britain and Newfoundland, mainly deprived of these by their mode of preparation.

The well-merited celebrity of Dr. de Jongh's Oil is attested by its extensive use in France, Germany, Russia, Holland, and Belgium, by numerous spontaneous testimonials from distinguished members of the Faculty and scientific chemists of European reputation; and since its introduction into this country, by the marked success with which it has been prescribed by the Medical Profession.

In innumerable cases, where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil had been taken with little or no benefit, it has produced almost immediate relief, arrested disease, and restored health.

Opinion of C. RADCLIFFE HALL, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.E., Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, Torquay.

"Author of 'Essays on Pulmonary Tubercle,' &c. &c. 'I have no hesitation in saying that I generally prefer your Cod Liver Oil for the following reasons:—I have found it to agree better with the digestive organs, especially in those patients who consider themselves to be bilious; it produces less nausea or eructation; it is more palatable to most patients than the other kinds of Cod Liver Oil; it is stronger, and consequently a smaller dose is sufficient.'"

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DEAFNESS.—A retired Surgeon, from the

Crimea, having been restored to perfect hearing by a native physician in Turkey, after fourteen years of great suffering from noises in the Ears and extreme Deafness, without being able to obtain the least relief from many Aurist in England, is anxious to communicate to others the particulars for the cure of the same. A book sent to any part of the world on receipt of six stamps, or the Author will apply the treatment himself, at his residence, Surgeon SAMUEL COLSTON, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. At home from 11 till 4 daily.—6, Leicester-place, Leicester-square, London, where thousands of letters may be seen from persons cured.

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Patent of England, and secured by the seals of the Ecole de Pharmacie de Paris, and the Imperial College of Medicine, Vienna. TrieseMAR, No. 1, is a remedy for relaxation, spermatorrhoea, and exhaustion of the system. TrieseMAR, No. 2, effectually, in the short space of three days, completely and entirely eradicates all traces of those disorders which capsules have so long been thought an antidote for, to the ruin of the health of a vast portion of the population. TrieseMAR, No. 3, is the great Continant remedy for that class of disorders which unfortunately the English physician treats with mercury, to the inevitable destruction of the patient's constitution, and which all the sarsaparilla in the world cannot remove. TrieseMAR, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are alike devoid of taste or smell, and of all nauseating qualities. They may lie on the toilet table without their use being suspected.—Sold in tin cases, price 1s. free by post 1s. 8d. extra to any part of the United Kingdom, or four cases in one for 38s., by post, 3s. 3d. extra, which saves 11s.; and in 5/ cases, whereby there is a saving of 17 12s.; divided into separate doses, as administered by Valpeau, Lallemand, Roux, &c. Sold by D. Church, 73, Gracechurch-street; Bartlett Hooper, 43, King William-street; G. F. Watts, 17, Strand; Prout, 229, Strand; Hannay, 63, Oxford-street; Sanger, 160, Oxford-street, London; E. H. Lupton, Market-street, Manchester; and Powell, 15, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

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WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is the most effective invention in the curative treatment of Hernia. The use of a steel spring (so hurtful in its effects) is here avoided, a soft Bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the Moc-Main Pad and Patent Lever, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hip, being sent to the Manufacturer, **JOHN WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.**
Price of a single truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d.—Postage, 1s.
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RUPTURES EFFECTUALLY CURED WITHOUT A TRUSS.—**DR. BARKER'S CELEBRATED REMEDY** is protected by three patents, of England, France, and Vienna; and from its great success in private practice is now made known as a public duty through the medium of the press. In every case of single or double rupture, in either sex, of any age, however bad or long standing, it is equally applicable, effecting a cure in a few days, without inconvenience, and will be hailed as a boon by all who have been tortured with trusses. Sent post free to any part of the world, with instructions for use, on receipt of 10s. 6d. by post-office order, or stamps, by **CHARLES BARKER, M.D., 10, Broad-street, Holborn, London.**—All infringement of this triple patent will be proceeded against, and restrained by injunction of the Lord High Chancellor.

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Bedsteads, from 12s. 6d. to £12 0s. each.
Shower Baths, from 7s. 6d. to 5 15s. each.
Lamps (Moderator), from 6s. 6d. to 6 6s. each.
(All other kinds at the same rate.)
Pure Colza Oil, 5s. per gallon.

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Date of Insurance.	Amount of Additions to Feb. 1, 1851.	Addition made as on Feb. 1, 1856.	Sum Payable after Death.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1850.....	523 10 0	114 5 0	1638 1 0
1851.....	382 14 0	103 14 0	1486 8 0
1852.....	241 12 0	93 2 0	1334 14 0
1853.....	185 3 0	85 17 0	1274 0 0
1854.....	128 15 0	84 13 0	1213 8 0
1855.....	65 15 0	79 18 0	1145 13 0
1856.....	10 0 0	75 15 0	1085 15 0
1857.....		15 0 0	1015 0 0

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